

A.B.S.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



IN THIS NUMBER:

THE PATENT MEDICINE CONSPIRACY
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NOVEMBER 4 1905

VOL XXXVI NO 6

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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COLLIER'S offers one thousand dollars for the best short story received between September 1 and December 1. This premium will be awarded in addition to the price paid for the story, and all accepted stories will be paid for at the uniform rate of five cents a word, except in the case of authors who have an established and higher rate. These authors will receive their regular rate. A booklet giving full particulars of the contest will be mailed upon request. Address Fiction Department, **COLLIER'S**, 416 West Thirtieth Street, New York.

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Frederick William Unger

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One Man's Opinion

September 1st, 1905

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G. F. LaBree, court reporter, State's Attorney's office, Chicago.

C. E. Pickle, official reporter, Austin, Tex.

J. M. Carney, court reporter, Ft. Dearborn building, Chicago.

S. A. VanPetten, court reporter, The Temple, Chicago.

J. A. Lord, official reporter, Waco, Tex.

S. M. Majewski, court reporter, The Temple, Chicago.

W. F. Cooper, official reporter, Tucson, Ariz.

Vivian Flexner, court reporter, Salem, Ore.

Mary Black, court reporter, Ashland block, Chicago.

M. A. Riggs, court reporter, Opera House building, Chicago.

F. M. Harker, court reporter, Unity building, Chicago.

J. W. Neukom, court reporter, Grand Forks, N. D.

C. E. Sackett, court reporter, Butte, Mont.

D. M. Kent, court reporter, Ft. Worth, Tex.

O. A. Swearingen, court reporter, Lockhart, Tex.

W. J. Morey, private secretary to Joseph Leiter, Chicago millionaire.

F. D. Kellogg, private secretary to John R. Walsh, president Chicago National Bank.

E. A. Ecker, private secretary to J. F. Wallace, former chief engineer of Panama canal.

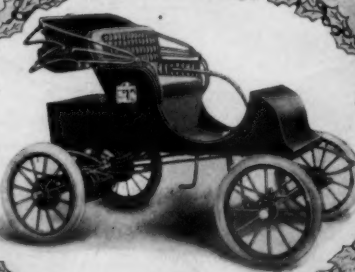
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



"HONESTY"—A DEFINITION

"There are men who do not divide actions merely into those that are honest and those that are not, but create a third subdivision—that of law honesty, of that kind of honesty which consists in keeping clear of the penitentiary. . . . The distinction upon which we must insist is the vital, deep-lying, unchangeable distinction between the honest man and the dishonest man. . . . There are men who use the phrase 'practical politics' as merely a euphemism for dirty politics, and it is such men who have brought the word 'politician' into discredit. There are other men who use the

noxious phrase 'business is business' as an excuse for every kind of mean and crooked work, and these men make honest Americans hang their heads because of some of the things they do. . . . The scoundrel who fails can never by any possibility be as dangerous as the scoundrel who succeeds, and of all the men in the country, the worst citizens, those who should excite in our minds the most contemptuous abhorrence, are the men who have achieved great wealth, or any other form of success, in any save a clean and straightforward manner." —President Roosevelt at Atlanta, October 20



THERE IS INSPIRATION in a battle worth the waging, in whichever direction the odds may lie. One thing gives a profound interest to the fight now at its climax in New York, and that one thing is a principle full of worth and life. We care very little whether McCLELLAN, HEARST, or IVINS is the next Mayor of that town. We care with deepest conviction about the issue embodied in the independent candidacy of WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME. On the one hand are ranged the bosses, the corrupt money power, and a ballot framed to make the bosses kings. On the other side are the people; but who are they? When are they, or their interests, consulted by the MURPHYS, ODELLS, RYANS, HARRIMANS, McCURDYS, or MCCALLS? Does anybody believe that one of those men will vote for JEROME? Does anybody believe that any corrupt financier in New York will vote for him? McCLELLAN wished him nominated by the Democrats. IVINS wished him nominated by the R-publicans. But who are IVINS and McCLELLAN? Nobody; nobody, like you and us; nobody, like SMITH, BROWN, and ROBINSON; like everybody, except a few bosses, in their arrogance of office, and a few financiers, in their arrogance of wealth. The insurance magnates are against JEROME, but Mr. HUGHES, the insurance investigator, is strongly for him. Such a division represents fairly the principles that are at stake.

MR. JEROME IS TELLING THE TRUTH. The only question is, whether the people yet have sufficient energy aroused to free themselves of those who are their masters—masters, in the last analysis, by virtue of the power of gold. MURPHY, growing rich himself, the tool of men richer than himself, can reach into the hall of justice itself and say what servants of the law shall stay or go. Mr. JEROME believes that morality does not end at home. He believes that the words which slide so glibly from our lips are not without meaning in our public life. He admits he is not "practical" as politicians and insurance magnates use that word, but he has the best record for actual, every-day efficiency ever established by a district attorney in New York. THE FACTS Having to choose between duty and subserviency he chose the more dangerous direction. He accepted the incredible peril of daring to be free. He is fighting to-day not for himself. His future may be even brighter if he is defeated—or it may not. His fate matters little. He is fighting for the freedom of a public servant to do his duty without permission from money leeches, whether they be bosses or princes of finance. For what an agent does, his principal is responsible. If you vote knowingly for a corrupt politician, you make yourself a thief. If you vote against JEROME, you make yourself responsible for the defeat of the honorable liberty for which he stands.

THE GOLDEN RULE is the topic of an essay by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE in "The Atlantic Monthly," and this paper is the beginning of a series, in which the economic morals of our country at this time will briefly be set down. It is a good subject, and Mr. WHITE is the man to tell the tale. He is an optimist, and yet his eye is clear and his nature without fear. He takes his start from history, when "the great mass of the people had no rights; they had only wrongs." He comes down to our day, when enough evil remains to make him exclaim with bitterness, "All DO WE PROGRESS? the world knows that it is no crime to cheat a poor man," whether of opportunity, money, or his vote. The brilliant and genial Kansas essayist sees that too frequently the contest with greed has been waged by jealousy, and in such a contest greed will win. But there are other contestants, namely justice and the truth, and their cause is not on the ebb. "The party system is less rigid than it has ever been"; one great gain. "The people are ceasing to envy riches"; if true, a far deeper gain. And if anything could teach men not to envy gold, that rebirth should come from observing what is going on in the money centre of the United States to-day, where once honored names are becoming a synonym for shame, and that for one sole cause—that they cared too much for gold and too little for that sermon on a hill by which most of them profess to live.

MR. STEFFENS'S ARTICLE on the Toledo situation in this issue gives another boost to the Golden Rule, which seems to be genuinely gaining vogue of late. An interesting phase of this Toledo story is left out of Mr. STEFFENS'S account. When "Golden Rule" JONES was translated, a man named FINCH, who had been President of the Council, became Mayor. Stocks went up because FINCH had been a member of the ring and no danger was looked for from a man with such a training in expediency. But the JONES fight had constituted a liberal education, and part of the enlightenment fell on FINCH. He worked with the ring on matters which had not been in debate, but on the exact points around which the controversy had waged his mind had cleared. On those subjects he was guilty of what men with nests to TOLEDO feather call being impractical and running amuck. He was for a filtration job that was beaten by public opinion and the Council, but on the whole he displeased the ring to such an extent that they began to make capital of his illiteracy, and they would not have nominated him this year had they not been badly frightened. Republican and Democratic grafters work together in Toledo more harmoniously than in most towns—as harmoniously as in Philadelphia, for instance; more harmoniously than in New York. This ring got together on FINCH with greater ease than the Republicans and Democrats in New York got together for the slaughter of JEROME. We trust the fright of the politicians in Toledo will turn out to have been founded on good ground, and that WHITLOCK will be carried in on the principles that elected JONES and made his example live when he was dead.

WHAT A PRETTY FIX our minorities everywhere leave us in. If the prevailing party is corrupt, the minority is usually no better, and in order to improve a city it is necessary to get outside the national parties altogether. Secretary TAFT has done good service in declaring that were he in Cincinnati he would vote against Boss Cox. Thus another jolt is given to party loyalty gone mad, even as Mr. ROOT jolted it in regard to Philadelphia. In various directions hope may be discerned that next Tuesday will give a favorable result. Rhode Island has been doing well of late, and it looks as if old Dr. GARVIN, that man with honesty and without eloquence, might be Governor once more. The forces of improvement which are back of him are not organized, but they have the strength of moral impulse. They started a weekly paper recently, called "The State," and even some protected interests have rallied to the support of that paper, even while they recognized that the triumph of the doctrines preached would cut off their own special parasitism along with other forms of honest and dishonest graft. New Jersey offers at least two rather stimulating controversies. Mr. COLBY came out of his party leading strings because he would not be a boss's slave, and he won so handily at the primaries that the boss dared not fight him openly for election. MARK FAGAN, Mayor of Jersey City, is a Republican who has denounced his party, on the eve of battle, as representing corporate power and greed. To our friends in all parts of this country, wherever some such real issue is presented, we would urge one single duty: strip the silly party label from your coat and go to the polls to vote independently like men. The time should end when thousands of intelligent human beings are willing to put their souls politically in the hands of two or three.

LORD ROSEBERY IS A LEADER who, whatever his shortcomings, has never ceased to think, and that is something—nay, it is much—under a system which encourages thought to become only a minor flicker of routine. "There is a leakage somewhere," says this statesman, "an immense leakage. Where is it? It is in the subversion of good administration by party government." It is the curse of his country, Lord ROSEBERY believes, that party is worshiped as a god. [Yes, even as in America; even as, just now, to our great despair, it is worshiped by thousands in the city of New York. Else where would ODELL and MURPHY be?] Lord ROSEBERY fears his country may be driven to the wall, because, whereas it grew great in a world of

TOUCHIN' ON
NEXT TUESDAY

WISDOM FROM
A BRITON



inefficiency, it can not remain great without efficiency when other nations are girding up their loins. What is the former Premier's text? It is Japan. It is a warning drawn from most patent fact. If the Japanese go to work to pay the debts of the war with the same bravery, wisdom, and self-control that helped them raise the plane of warfare, the world of trade may well wake up and think about its future. Japan, with a soil already tilled completely, now owes \$25 for every child, woman, and man, where she owed but \$6 before. That means work in plenty, right judgment, and persistence, qualities in which there is reason to believe the Japanese are rich. Lord ROSEBERRY draws the lesson for his country. We may read it for ourselves.

THE STATEHOOD QUESTION will be fought vigorously again this winter in Washington. We have already given some account of that part of the opposition to joint statehood in Arizona which is a sentiment. It is charged by those favoring the bill that a hard fight has been waged for reasons less legitimate; that the Sante Fe, the Southern Pacific, and the affiliated mining interests think that their control would be less if a State were formed of these two territories; that, for instance, they

ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO

would be less able to defeat a bullion-tax law or a mine-inspection law. The present office-holders are also said to be against joint statehood. Apparently there have been gains for the joint idea in the press, four newspapers in Arizona having come out within the last six months for statehood with New Mexico: "Nogales Oasis," Nogales; "Tucson Daily Star," Tucson; "St. Johns Herald and Apache News," St. Johns; "Coconino Sun," Flagstaff. Public opinion in Arizona is likely to be the deciding force, and it is divided partly on a surmise about the population that the region will ever hold, which is to say, about the future of irrigation.

THE ONE-STATE PLAN for Oklahoma and Indian Territory is by its supporters said to have been opposed by precisely the same influences—railroads, mines, politicians, sleeping-car companies, etc.—that are now opposing joint statehood in New Mexico and Arizona, and for the same reasons. The effort now on foot, however, to make Indian Territory a State by itself, has small chance of success. In this case the arguments against single statehood are stronger than in the case of Arizona, but in both instances the objections are alike in principle, and treat the single-State movement as an effort to bring in another Nevada, another Wyoming, and another Idaho. A strong argument can be made that it is directly against representative government to give eleven thousand votes in Nevada, or twenty thousand votes in Wyoming, or thirty thousand votes in Arizona, as much power in national legislation as the three million people of Indiana have, or the six million people of New York. It was the

THE BASIS OF STATEHOOD

original idea of MADISON, HAMILTON, ADAMS, and several others, that the Senators should represent numbers of people instead of numbers of square miles, but Rhode Island and the smaller States refused to come in unless they could get in on the ground floor, and that is how it happened that we have two Senators from each State. It was the Republicans who divided the Dakotas and admitted Utah, Nevada, Idaho, and Wyoming as separate States, but the present can not be called a party fight, since Senator QUAY led one division and Senator BEVERIDGE leads the other. The opposition to single statehood proceeds on the theory that while the Senate can not accurately represent an equal number of people from each State, there ought to be a reasonably large number before statehood is granted, and it believes that, while the population of States like New York and the Mississippi Valley States will increase, no amount of irrigation will ever give Arizona and New Mexico, combined, over a million of inhabitants. It has been a long and hard fight, and it is likely to be settled at the approaching session.

VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION is not infrequently attractive: "Sir—In a recent issue of your paper you made the assertion that G. B. SHAW is insincere. What is your authority for this statement? I have been a careful reader of Mr. SHAW's writings, and know of his self-sacrificing work on behalf of unpopular reforms. If there is anything to show

insincerity on his part I shall be glad to have you furnish the proof." We recognize something akin to the imperious in this epistle, and we can not furnish the proof. There is no proof. Authority, also, equally demanded by our reader, we are equally unable to produce. We could not prove that Mr. SHAW is a clown, or that he is self-conscious, loving the idea of himself more than he loves mankind or God. Can our friend, on his side, "prove" that Mr. SHAW's work is "self-sacrificing?" To do that he would have to prove that it was obscure. Can he produce any authority for this sacrifice, even the authority of Mr. CHALLENGED SHAW himself? We can not prove that Mr. SHAW is not innately modest and retiring, led only by the love of truth, careless of his posture or effect, marked by singleness and depth. There are several persons in the universe who deem him profound, harmonious, and broad. We have met two, and this, our reader, makes a third. Several readers, by the way, have objected to our word "solipsism," alleging that it is not in their dictionaries. This certainly is a reflection on those volumes, for the word is correct and not unduly recent. Used of Shaw its aptness is apparent, for it denotes the faith of a man who believes himself to be the universe.

"EVERYBODY WORKS BUT FATHER" was the name of a song which caught our eye in a shop window the other day. "Go on and Coax Me" stood next to "Keep a Little Cozy Corner in Your Heart for Me," and "Come Along, Little Girl, Come Along," was the neighbor of "She Waits by the Deep Blue Sea." We are never quite sure whether to smile at these unsophisticated expressions of humor or yearning. Such sentiments, whether expressed with crudity or refinement, are the side of nature on which the world is most alike. "One touch of vulgarity," said WHISTLER, "makes the whole world kin," and Sir EDWARD FRY said the other day that "whatever popularizes vulgarizes." It is true that an audience full of Aphrodites is moved to tears by such a phrase in a melodrama as "Death before dishonor." A gallery of thieves could be made to applaud sincerely "Honesty is the best policy." Lothario can feel his heart expand at "There's only one girl in the world for me." But the greatest artists also appeal to these universal yearnings as strongly as to the discrimination of the few. The Greek dramatists pleased the ordinary man, and SHAKESPEARE'S tragedies are stronger with the gallery than with the stalls. There is nothing more popular in the world than familiar moral sentiment, but it loses none of its popularity by having distinction and beauty added to familiar truth. Vulgar, after all, in one of its older meanings, signified merely what was common to us all, and to accept that and turn it with its beauty to the light is the highest thing that art can do.

A WORD ABOUT THE VULGAR

THE WEST IS FULL OF PRIDE. Sometimes it talks about extent of territory; again of the size of a crop; of how many eggs the Missouri hen has laid, or of the feats of the same State's mule. We ourselves confess no preference according to geography, and we are pleased with the evidently impartial spirit of the following epistle: "You publish the statement that the Budget for next year's expenses in New York is \$122,000,000. This is more than \$25 a head for every man, woman, and child in New York. Champaign, Illinois, with all the improvements of the age in which we live, gets along with \$63,000 for its twelve thousand people—something like \$5.25 per capita. It may be worth the difference to live in New York, but you will have to show us wherein your advantages lie. I write this simply to advertise Champaign, Illinois. Next to our town, I think New York deserves consideration." We have never happened to stop over in Champaign, though the fame of its university has long been a cherished inspiration. Its name has also promised much, and the low tax rate adds a mature charm. Certainly it has many advantages over the larger city mentioned, some positive, as more grass, others negative, as in the absence of barracks on stilts for elevated travel. We don't believe overmuch in crowded swarms, and are delighted to do our share toward advertising an honorable town in Illinois.

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

THE HERITAGE

BY
RUDYARD
KIPLING



Our Fathers in a wondrous age,
Ere yet the Earth was small,
Ensured to us an heritage,
And doubted not at all
That we the children of their heart,
Which then did beat so high,
In later time should play like part
For our posterity.

A thousand years they steadfast built,
To vantage us and ours,
The walls that were a world's despair
The sea-constraining Towers:
Yet in their inmost pride they knew
And unto kings made known
Not all from these their strength they drew
Their faith from brass or stone.

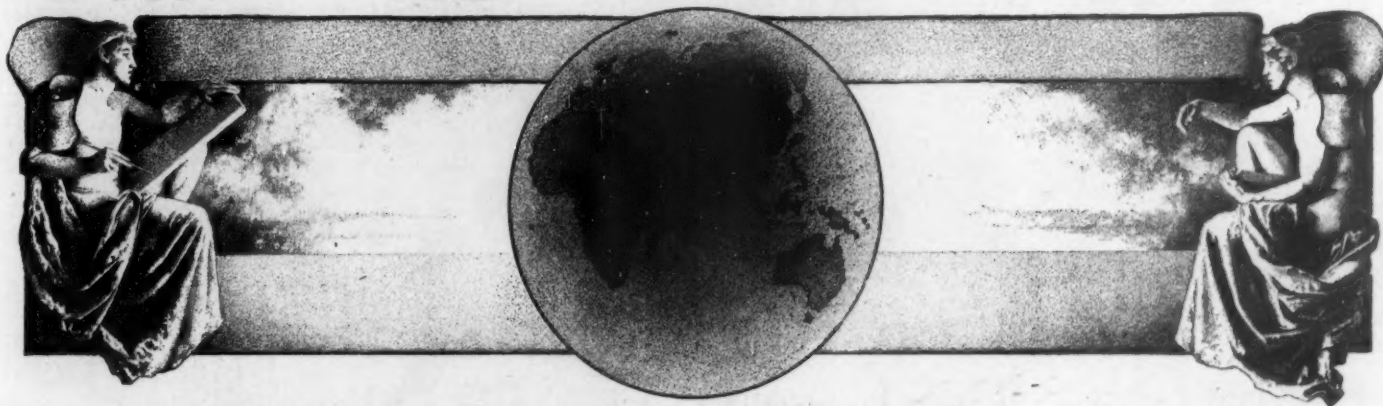
Youths passion, manhood's fierce intent
With age's judgment wise,
They spent, and counted not they spent—
A daily sacrifice.
Not lambs alone nor purchased doves
Or tithe of traders' gold—
Their lives most dear, their dearer loves
They offered up of old.

Refraining e'en from lawful things
They bowed the neck to bear
The unadorned yoke that brings
Stark toil and sternest care.
Wherefore through them is freedom sure
Wherefore through them we stand
From all but sloth and pride secure
In a delightful land.

Then fretful murmur not they gave
So great a charge to keep:
Nor dream that awestruck Time shall save
Their labor while we sleep.
Dear-bought and clear, a thousand year
Our fathers' title runs
Make we likewise their sacrifice
Defrauding not our sons!

F · X · L ·

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

ALTHOUGH this is an "off year" in national politics, the campaigns in several States and cities have developed situations of extraordinary interest, especially in the dissolution of party lines. The insurance investigation has brought out new proofs of the connection between the great companies and political corruption, and of the sacrifice of the interests of the policy-holders for the profit of the managers. President Roosevelt has won the hearts of the Southern people on his latest visit, and he has taken advantage of the opportunity to urge their support of his railroad policy. The intimate relations between certain kinds of politics and certain kinds of finance were tragically illustrated in Pennsylvania when the Enterprise National Bank of Allegheny went down and the cashier committed suicide on account of loans on worthless security extorted by politicians for the use of funds belonging to the State Treasury. Annoyed by the antics of a Government chauffeur, the President has issued an order so amending the Civil Service rules as to permit any employee in the classified service to be summarily removed without a hearing. Chairman Payne, of the House Ways and Means Committee, has agreed with Representative Grosvenor in favoring free trade with the Philippines in 1909 (as soon as the Spanish treaty will permit), and meanwhile the reduction of our own duties on Philippine dutiable

products to twenty-five per cent of the Dingley rates. Chairman Shonts, of the Isthmian Canal Commission, and the members of the International Board of Consulting Engineers have returned from the Isthmus with encouraging reports of the progress of the Panama Canal. The policy of using the power of the United States to back the claims of the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Company against Venezuela met with a severe check when General Francis V. Greene testified that the company had spent about \$100,000 in fomenting the Matos revolution against Castro. In the proclamations of the Mikado and the Czar announcing the end of the war, the Czar speaks of the Japanese as a "brave and mighty enemy," "now become our friend," and the Mikado tells his soldiers and sailors that by their aid he has "accomplished the full purpose of the war." Mr. Andrew Carnegie, installed with uproarious enthusiasm as Lord Rector of St. Andrews University for a second term, appealed to the nations for a League of Peace. The long search of Norway for a king has been ended by the choice of Prince Charles of Denmark, who will reign as Haakon VII, succeeding Haakon VI, the last independent King of Norway, after a lapse of over five centuries. The whole British Empire abandoned itself on October 21 to adoration of Nelson, on the occasion of the centennial of Trafalgar, in commemoration of which Mr. Kipling wrote the poem on the opposite page.

THE MELTING LINES OF PARTY

THE distinctive feature of all the local contests that furnish the chief interest of this year's political campaign is the disappearance of the sense of party obligation. The bosses and their business employers have taught their lesson well. For many a year they herded the docile voters in the names of the "grand old party of Lincoln and of Grant" or of "the immortal principles of Jefferson and of Jackson," but eventually the plain citizen began to observe that after elections the principles of Jefferson and of Lincoln were blended harmoniously in the service of powers like the Standard Oil, the United Gas Improvement Company, and the Mutual Life. Then he decided that if non-partisanship was good enough for his masters it was good enough for him.

Democracy on Trial

In New York the whole system of party nominations is on trial. William T. Jerome, who nominated himself for District Attorney, and William R. Hearst, who practically nominated himself for Mayor, are running on even terms with the candidates of the most perfect political machine in America. The only hope of Tammany is in the form of the official ballot, which was expressly designed to discourage independent voting and make the straight ticket the line of least resistance. And yet a month before election it had seemed probable that Tammany would have no serious opposition. Its apparent certainty of success betrayed it into a succession of blunders. It loaded down Mayor McClellan, the respectable head of its ticket, with weak associates. It allowed it to be known that McClellan was expected only to begin his term and then move on to the Governorship, leaving the Mayor's office to be filled by a small machine politician. It affronted Brooklyn with borough nominations so offensive as to force a split in its own ranks and a fusion of its Republican and Citizens' Union opponents. It was guilty of the unspeakable folly of refusing to accept Jerome. Hardly had the con-

UNCERTAINTIES OF POLITICS

SOME MAJORITIES NOW MELTING IN THE FLUX OF PARTIES

N. Y. City, 1903, Tammany over Fusion	64,706
Philadelphia, 1904, Republican . . .	180,834
Pennsylvania, 1904, Republican . . .	505,519
Ohio, 1904, Republican	255,421
Cuyahoga County (Cleveland), Republican	33,165
Hamilton County (Cincinnati), Republican	40,193

ventions been held when it became apparent that Hearst was shearing off great masses of Tammany votes. He was helped both by the general municipal ownership sentiment that elected Dunne in Chicago and by a personal enthusiasm for himself aroused among the readers of his papers by a course of instruction in his merits pursued with admirable persistence through ten preceding years. While Hearst was attacking Tammany from one angle, Jerome was assailing it from another. He first goaded the nominal boss, Murphy, into furious speech, and then reduced him to sullen silence by his pitiless reiteration of the question that had driven Croker out of New York: "*Where did you get it?*" Meanwhile, Mr. Ivins, the Republican candidate for Mayor, was challenging everybody to debate, and having as good a time as anybody.

In New York the campaign has been a general scramble. In Philadelphia it has been a bitter, desperate battle between all the forces of corruption on one side and all the elements of decency on the other. The disgraced ring still clings to the name "Republican" as its last hope, although every member of the Republican National Administration has either denounced or ignored it, and not a single Republican leader from any State outside of Pennsylvania has ventured to appear at one of its

meetings. It has been pursued by a dramatic fatality. When its Councils committee tried to fasten misconduct on the police under Weaver, it brought out the proof that under gang rule the police force had been recruited from the penitentiary and ordered to protect repeaters. When it made a special point in its first "grand rally" of the admirable management of the State Treasury, and the need of maintaining ring rule for the protection of State funds, the cashier of the Enterprise National Bank of Allegheny chose that particular day to kill himself and expose the fact that the bank had been looted and wrecked by ring politicians who had first made it a depository of a million or so of State funds, and then drawn out most of the money on worthless collateral. This exposure directed attention to the facts that the Treasury of Pennsylvania was maintaining the huge balance of \$10,000,000, mostly in political banks, while school-teachers were going unpaid; that the gang's system of manipulating public money had caused the death of four State Treasurers, one Treasury cashier, one Auditor-General, and two bank cashiers, and that of these eight men three had committed suicide and five had died under strain or disgrace.

Cross Currents in Ohio

In one short year the 255,000 majority given to Roosevelt in Ohio has disappeared. Whatever hopes the Republican leaders have now are not based on the Roosevelt vote—that is ancient history—they are based on an entirely new shift in politics. The temperance element that has formed the surest resource of the Republican party hitherto is now its most dangerous enemy. The only question is whether the liquor vote, which is drifting in a reverse current, will be strong enough to counteract it. The situation was doubtful enough when Secretary Taft plunged into it at Akron, but after his speech at that place on October 21 the general impulse among Republicans was to take to the woods. Mr. Taft denounced the Anti-Saloon

League, and thereby consolidated the temperance vote against Herrick. He defended the President's railroad policy against the attacks of Senator Foraker, the Ohio Republican leader. To appreciate the full significance of this party service, it must be remembered that Mr. Foraker had said that the great issue of the campaign was whether the President should be sustained or not, and Secretary Taft engendered the suspicion that the best way to support the President was to vote against the Foraker ticket. Next the Secretary mildly defended Governor Herrick from the charge of being a Cox man, and said that if he had thought Herrick's election would help to perpetuate the Cox machine, he would not have been on the stump for him. He called the Cox machine "a local despotism, much to be deplored," said that it was maintained by the public utility corporations,

and remarked: "The fact that the machine supported Theodore Roosevelt does not mean that Theodore Roosevelt is for the machine." Finally Mr. Taft observed: "If I were able . . . to cast my vote in Cincinnati in the coming election, I should vote against the municipal ticket nominated by the Republican organization, and for the State ticket." It was thought that this open repudiation of the Cox municipal ticket by the representative of the National Republican Administration would encourage thousands of Republicans to vote against it, and the logical sequence, to those acquainted with boss nature, was expected to be the wholesale sacrifice of the State ticket by Cox to save his local machine.

One curious example of the fading of party lines may be found in the fact that President Roosevelt and Mayor McClellan of New York expressed the

same ideas on corporations on the same day and in almost the same words. "I do not believe in Government ownership of anything which can with propriety be left in private hands," said the President at Raleigh on October 19. "I believe that the Government should never interfere in the field of private enterprise as long as private enterprise does its duty by the people," said Mr. McClellan in Tammany Hall the same evening. Both the Republican President and the Tammany Mayor represent the idea of making concessions to the popular demand for the regulation of corporations, both on its own merits and as a means of quieting the clamor for more radical measures. The only difference is that the President can go his own gait, while the Mayor must obey orders.

SOUNDING INSURANCE DEPTHS

ANOTHER week of the insurance investigation has been fraught with intense discomfort to the McCurdy family, but these self-sacrificing missionaries have found compensation for their sufferings in the knowledge that their distress has been the public's gain. Things have been learned about the relations of insurance companies to legislative corruption which the most hardened cynics never ventured to suggest. People have often



RICHARD A. MCCURDY, MISSIONARY, ON THE STAND

talked about insurance corruption funds, but it never occurred to any writer of the "literature of graft" to picture an insurance company as openly boarding members of a legislative insurance committee in a house of its own, as Tammany boards "floaters" on the Bowery the month before election.

The Mutual's Albany Boarding House

It was never supposed that the methods of the vast "eleemosynary institutions" that are bringing all humanity into a "great brotherhood" were as artless as that. Yet that is precisely what the Mutual has been doing at Albany, according to the testimony of its own employees. Andrew C. Fields, the company's chief lobbyist, kept out of the jurisdiction of the investigators, but his assistant, William M. Carpenter, testified that Fields had maintained a house out of the company's "legal expense" fund during the last ten sessions of the New York Legislature; that Senator Graney, of Westchester, a member of the Insurance Committee of the Senate, had lived there at one session and that later Senator McClelland of the same county, also

one of the Insurance Committee, had similarly enjoyed the Mutual's hospitality. President McCurdy's testimony showed that in addition Mr. McClelland had drawn \$8,947.32 from the Mutual in a year and a quarter for "legal services" just before going to Albany to represent the public in insurance legislation, with headquarters at the Mutual's house. As illustrating the non-partisan character of high finance in politics, it may be mentioned that Graney and McClelland are both Democrats—members of the party the insurance campaign funds were used to defeat.

Charities of an "Eleemosynary Institution"

It was further ascertained that the Mutual had contributed \$22,377 toward the expenses of Andrew Hamilton, the New York Life's legislative agent, since 1901, that several State Superintendents of Insurance were employed or pensioned by the Mutual upon their retirement from office, and that one of the present examiners in the New York Insurance Department was appointed on the recommendation of the Mutual's lobbyist, Fields, by Superintendent Pierce, who was put on the company's payroll as "counsel" as soon as he left office and drew his annual "retainer" until his death.

The custom of having office boys sign notes and receipts for large amounts was a concession to the technical requirements of law which could hardly be expected to command much respect from practical men. The next step would obviously be to use the names without bothering about the boy, and it appears from the evidence that in at least one case this step has been taken. The name of George J. Plunkett, an office boy in the employ of the Mutual's pet stationer, Lysander W. Lawrence, was found signed to a voucher for \$901.15 charged to the Mutual's elastic "legal expenses." When put on the stand, Plunkett swore that he had never signed the paper, and the question whether the case was one of forgery or of perjury was recommended by the committee to the consideration of the District Attorney. Further discomfort was inflicted on Mr. McCurdy by the extraction from him of a list of institutions in which he held stock while they had dealings with the Mutual. In one of these, the Morristown Trust Company, the Mutual maintained a balance that never fell below \$200,000. Until the present agitation began the insurance company had received two per cent interest on this deposit, while Mr. McCurdy and other depositors



THE INSURANCE "INQUISITION" AT WORK



CHIEF INQUISITOR CHARLES E. HUGHES

received three. Last year the trust company paid dividends of eighteen per cent.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR

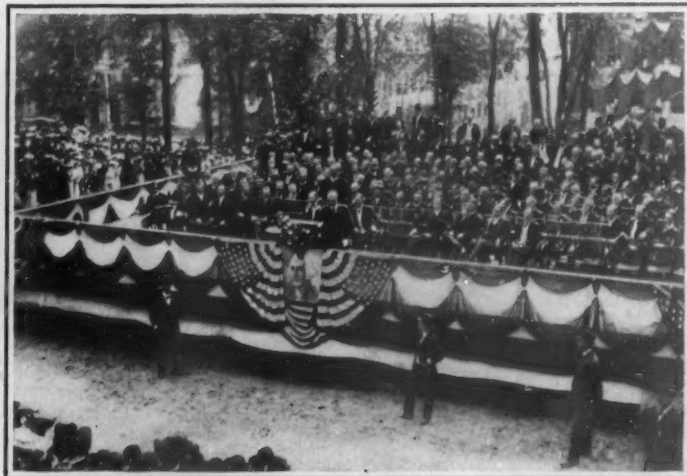
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S tour through the South has not been entirely a sentimental pilgrimage. It was predicted before he started that the President would try to repair the gaps in his party line by enlisting Southern support in his rate-making campaign. The prediction was verified. In his speeches in Virginia, indeed, Mr. Roosevelt avoided controversial topics and devoted himself to felicitations upon the spirit of national reunion, to compliments upon Southern virtue and courage, and to reminders of his own Southern ancestry. All this was an admirable introduction to more serious work, and by the time he reached Raleigh he was ready to get down to business. In his speech at the capital of North Carolina he showed that his railroad programme was still unchanged. He described the revolution that had come about in the methods of transportation since the fathers planned our frame of government. Then "commerce was carried on by essentially the same instruments that had been in use not only among civilized but among barbarian nations, ever since history dawned—that is, by wheeled vehicles drawn by animals, by pack trains, and by sailing ships and rowboats." The highways were open to all, and on

land the commerce over them went in "slow, cumbrous, and expensive fashion." Land vehicles could not compete with water transport.

But now the old conditions have been transformed. Water transport has lost its advantage over transport by land, and "instead of the old highways open to every one on the same terms, but of a very limited usefulness, we have new highways—railroads—which are owned by private corporations, and which are practically of



Fifteen thousand Richmond school-children waving flags



President Roosevelt speaking in Capitol Square, Richmond; Governor McCarthy beside him

THE STARS AND STRIPES BLOOMING FOR THE PRESIDENT IN THE OLD CONFEDERATE CAPITAL

unlimited, instead of limited, usefulness." Hence the old laws, that were adapted to the old conditions, now need radical readjustment. President Roosevelt emphatically opposes the Government ownership of railroads, but he believes "with equal firmness that it is out of the question for the Government not to exercise a supervisory and regulatory right over the railroads; for it is vital to the well-being of the public that they should be managed in a spirit of fairness and justice toward all the public." All the pressure exerted upon the President during the past year has not moved him from his original belief that the right way to exercise this control is through an increase in the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, giving it the right to decide, on complaint, whether a given rate is just and reasonable, and if it finds the rate unjust, to fix itself a proper maximum, to go into effect "practically at once, that is, within a reasonable time," and to stay in force unless reversed by the courts.

The President's demand for railroad regulation is only a part of his demand for the control of great corporations in general. This he urged with especial emphasis in his speech at Atlanta, and from corporations he was led by a natural transition to the subject of the use and misuse of wealth. He spoke of the shock given to the public conscience by recent revelations, and urged that we should "treat with contemptuous abhorrence the man who in a spirit of sheer cynicism



Two Confederate Fighters

debauches either our business life or our political life." "There are men," he remarked, "who do not divide actions merely into those that are honest and those that are not, but create a third subdivision—that of law honesty; of that kind of honesty which consists in keeping clear of the penitentiary." Mr. Roosevelt exhorted the American people to draw the "vital, deep-lying, unchangeable distinction between the honest man and the dishonest man."

The President's appeal for Southern help in his crusade has come none too soon. The railroads have been engaged in an active campaign, educational and political, against him. They have maintained a literary bureau which sends out circulars proving with lavish statistics that the ideal rate-maker is an American corporation traffic manager. Senator Foraker has taken the lead in a Republican factional war upon the Roosevelt policy, and Democratic alarms and excursions have been observable in the direction of Senator Morgan of Alabama. On the day of the President's departure from Washington the prediction was published that Congress would be even less docile than it had been at the last session, and that Mr. Roosevelt would not only fail to win over the Senate, but would lose his former backing from the solid House. His Southern campaign is his answer to that challenge. In it he speaks not only to the South, but to the nation, appealing from refractory Congressmen to the people who elect them.

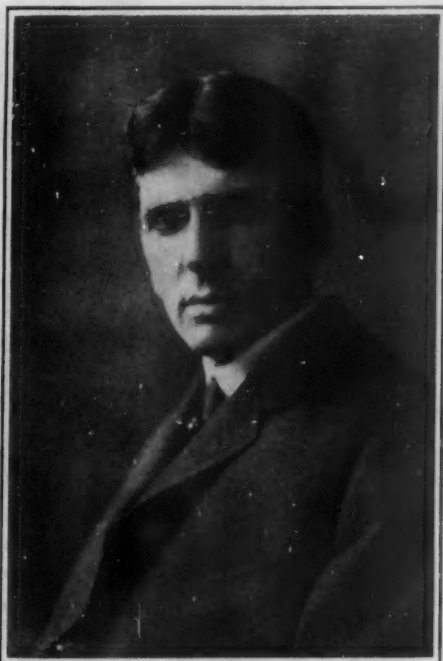
THE STRANGEST THING IN POLITICS

"JUST JONES" IN TOLEDO—THE GOLDEN RULE IN ACTUAL LIFE; IT WORKS

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

WHEN SAM JONES lay dying, the stock quotations of Toledo public service corporations bulletined his condition. As his strength rallied, prices weakened; as he weakened, stocks recovered, and when he died, there was a boom. This gentle man, who had governed Toledo by the Golden Rule, had stood in the way of certain business plans which now could go through. He had no party, no organization to carry on his mild, immovable resistance to corporate corruption of the City Council. Only another Jones could do what Jones had done, and it was assumed that there never could be another Jones. But the opposition to Jones never understood this remarkable man. His appeal had been to men as men. An individualist himself, he had insisted that the only limitation upon the liberty and independence of his own manhood should be the liberty and independence of other men. The result was astonishing. The Golden Rule worked. The example and the appeal of Jones, "just Jones," to other men proved to have been so well understood that when the "Golden Rule Mayor" died and the rings, political and corporate, crowded with fresh courage into the lobby of the City Council, the streets of Toledo outside became crowded with men; all sorts and conditions of men, but men. They presented their petition, "a petition in boots," they called it, and they waited quietly till the men in that body, with the help of the corrupt cowards there, had beaten the bold corruptionists.

Then the ring appealed from the "mob" to the people. The issue was carried, without a leader now, into the next election, and, strange to say, the men whom Jones had taught his indepen-



BRAND WHITLOCK

The successor of "Golden Rule" Jones in Toledo

dence straggled unorganized to the polls and again the rings were beaten. The Golden Rule lived though Jones had died, and Toledo was full, not of Jonesites, but of men; individuals just as capable of independent action in concert as if they had been drilled into dull subservience by Tammany Hall. And finally among all these men a leader developed—Brand Whitlock. We know him as a novelist. Toledo knows him as a man; the friend Jones loved the best; the young lawyer to whom was intrusted the "sucker rod" factory where business was and still is done successfully under the Golden Rule; the simply eloquent speaker who has preached, as Sam Jones preached, once a week to the "hands" at the factory, that they were men among men. Brand Whitlock is not another Jones; there isn't in all Toledo another Jones and there never will be. Brand Whitlock is as clean-handed, as clear-eyed, as pure-minded as Sam Jones, and he is as patient of other men, but also he is as true to himself. Brand Whitlock is Brand Whitlock, just as Jones was just Jones, and the men whom Jones taught to be just men have nominated Whitlock to be Mayor of Toledo. The other parties, two or three of them, have nominated other candidates, all "good men," we hear; all on good platforms, we see.

Jones left his mark on them all. But these good men and good platforms only serve to confuse the issue. What the rings and some others seem to be unable to understand is this: Whitlock is nominated as just a man to do, as Mayor, unto others even as he would that they should do unto him. And it does sound queer; the Golden Rule in politics in a Christian city! It is confusing. One can't help wondering if Toledo will really understand.

MR. DOOLEY

ON THE LIFE INSURANCE INVESTIGATION

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF PAPERS ON TIMELY TOPICS

By F. P. DUNNE

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "it's tur-rible th' way th' philanthropist an' th' pathrite is bein' threated these days. Pretty soon people won't care anny more f'r philanthropy or pathritism than they do f'r anny other kind iv impydence."

"Ye haven't followed th' life insurance investy-gation? Well, I'll thry an' explain to ye what happened. There used to be a fine ol' philanthropist that devoted his whole life to guardin' th' intrest iv th' widow an' th' orphan. He done it so well that whin he was gathered, as Hogan says, to that burn that no thrav-eler has come back fr'm, th' widow was on th' pay-roll iv th' comp'ny f'r twenty-five thousand a year, an' th' orphan had so much money he cudden't add it up."

"Th' fatherless Caleb realized th' responsibilities that rested on him. He knew 'twas his jooty to guard th' intrests iv th' hundherds iv thousands iv people that had been buncoed into makin' provision f'r their fam-ilies after death, an' he faced it with grim determina-tion. He made up his mind to masther th' life insurance business, an' he knew th' way to do it was to begin at th' lowest rung in th' ladder, and wurruk up. He im-mejately appointed himself vice-president iv th' comp'ny at a nominal sal'ry iv wan hundherd thousand dollars a year. Nex' month he got a polisman to direct him to th' office where a plain wurruk desk, inlaid with mother-iv-pearl, was waitin' f'r him. After dispatchin' a messenger boy f'r a bunch iv orchids an' dhravin' on th' treasury f'r a pound iv caramels, he sint f'r th' head bookkeeper. 'Me man,' says Caleb, 'what is th' meanin' iv this here wurruk Tontine I see used so often?' Th' bookkeeper explained: 'Ye surprise me,' says Caleb. 'I thought 'twas something f'r th' hair,' he says."

"Caleb's devotion to th' intrests iv th' policy-holders niver slackened. He left his cable address with th' chief clerk. He was frequently seen goin' by th' office leadin' a bulldog. Nawthin' was too good f'r th' poor people that had been entrusted to his care be an indulgent father. He even went so far as to give a ban-okit to th' Fr-rinch ambassadeur f'r thim. An ordi-nary, vulgar man wud've ostentatiously paid f'r th' bankit out iv his own pocket. But Caleb had been tenderly reared an' he was iv a rayfined nature. All he asked was that people shud think he paid f'r th' bankit. That was sufficient f'r this shrinkin' young fin-ancer. It wudden't do to let on to th' Fr-rinch ambassadeur that th' groceries was not on Caleb. He might've been onaisy if he had known that th' twenty-thousand-dollar bankit was paid f'r by Mike Casey, who arns two dollars a day at th' mills an' has a policy in Caleb's comp'ny. Th' Fr-rinch ar-rean immoral people."

Providing Delicacies for Policy-Holders

"Well, Caleb went on pro-vidin' all th' delicacies iv th' season f'r th' policy-holders until bimbeysome iv his father's dearest frinds began to object. 'It seems wrong,' says they, 'that so young an' foolish a young man shud have so much money,' says they, 'now that he has no father to protict him,' says they. 'We have a sacred thrust as th' ol' man's frinds,' says they. 'Let us discharge it,' says they, an' they were f'r pushin' Caleb f'r'm an eighth-story window. But Caleb him-self was not without frinds. There were many loyal capitalists on th' board who loved him an' they got up an' says they: 'No, gentlemen, this is not right,' says they. 'Caleb may not be much iv a genius. He is dhrall to look at an' he talks like a bill iv fare. But he has a good mind. If he knew a little more he wud be half-witted. We will not permit ye to deprive us iv him. We will stand by him to th' las' dollar. Caleb, throw up ye'er hands,' says they."

"Well, what was poor Caleb to do. He was caught between his father's frinds an' his own, a divvle iv a position f'r anny man. They were rapidly closin' in on him whin a poor Irish lad happened by an' rushed to his sucker. This here downthrodden exile iv Erin had spint most iv his life goin' to th' assistance iv those in distress. He was a man that didn't care f'r money in the ordhiny sense f'r what it cud buy. He loved it f'r itself alone. So he bought Caleb out, an' that's th' las' ye'll hear iv Caleb unless ye see him with his nose flattened again th' window iv a gent's furnishin' store. He has retired frim business. Hence-forth he will pay f'r his own meals."

"Whin Caleb's father's frinds an' Caleb's own frinds see how their ward had escaped them, they hurried over to call on th' Hibernyan. They found him set-ting on th' flure countin' it up. 'Ar-we we in with ye?' says th' descendant iv Cotton Mather an' Moses. 'Not so far as I can see,' says th' descendant iv Owen Roe O'Neill. 'Th' dhrream iv me life has been to put insurance on a stable basis,' he says. 'I've hired Gro-ver Cleveland,' he says. 'What f'r?' says they. 'F'r a stall,' says he with a hearty laugh. An' they started th' investy-gation."

"Wan thing I've larned f'r'm it, Hinnissy, an' that is I made a mistake about th' life insurance business. I used to think it was simply a matter iv makin' people nervous about their future, and borrying tin dollars

fr'm thim without collatheral on a promise to pay thim tin-fifty affther death. I done thim a gr-eat wrong. A life insurance man is no mere money maker. He's on'y a life insurance man on th' side. Most iv his time he puts in as a philanthropist, a mis-sionary, a pathrite or an affectionate son. Listen to th' tistymony iv Gabby George, wan iv th' gr-eatest iv thim fine men that we enthrust our savins too."

"Misther Hughes—George, tell us why 'tis nicissry to commit perjury in th' life insurance business."

The Letter That Stopped the Hostile Boot

"Gabby George—'Thank ye f'r th' question. It's a pint I wud like to bring out. Thank ye, Misther Hughes, f'r th' opportunity iv answerin'.' In reply I wud say I love me father. Gentlemen, have anny iv ye a father? Thin ye know what it is to have a father's love. Th' wurruk father brings tears to me eyes. As th' pote says: 'Father, dear father, come home with me now.' I have in me hand a letter frim th' ol' guy written in th' year eighteen sivity-five. Gentlemen, I have carrid this sacred epistle nex' to me heart f'r thirty years except whin I lent it out to wan iv th' boys who wanted to land a tough customer. Whin I was a poor solicitor I read it to hundherds iv thousands an' niver failed to projoice raysults. It has saved me life whin I have manoevered into th' bosom iv an unsis-pectin' family be pretendin' I was a pianny tuner. It has stayed th' hand iv th' angry millyonaire whin I have sint in th' card iv th' Jook iv Argyle be mistake. It has stopped th' hostile boot in mid air, an' relaxed th' grip on th' back iv me neck. It has caused th' ink-bottle to dhrup fr'm nerveless fingers. It has subdued th' fierce bulldog an' th' indignant hired girl. I have read it f'r'm a roof where I was chased be a man who had previously been inter-viewed be a book canvasser, a lightning-rod agent, a Salvation Ar-my lass an' a solicitor f'r a charity orga-nization. I have cooed it into th' ear iv a maiden who blushed at th' idee iv life insurance. I have hollered it through th' tellyphone. I have roared it above th' tumult iv battle. I read it to Pierpont Morgan, an' he was so overcome he give me a job. I rayfused it on-less he wud let me keep th' old wan, too. He appre-ciated me simintims. He said he was a father himself, an' he wud consint on condition that I didn't get th' two jobs mixed up. They must be kept apart. As a banker, 'twas me business to sell; as a life insurance trustee, to buy; no middlemen, ye see."

"I will now read ye this sacred docymint: 'Bu-cyrus, Ohio, July wan, eighteen sivity-five—Dear Son—Owin' to th' excessive noises emanatin' f'r'm ye'er face, I have decided that ye must go into business. Ye'er mother an' me hasn't had a wink f'r a week, on account iv ye'er talkin' in ye'er sleep. Th' window-sashes is loose, th' dure is off th' hinges, th' clock has stopped an' th' neighbors ar-re complainin'. I can't wear ear-muffs all summer, an' we must part. I didn't know what business to put ye in at first. But whin I heard ye talk ye'er little aster into savin' up in ye'er own savins bank, I knew ye was cut out f'r a life insur-ance man. I have got ye a job in a distant city, an' niver again will I hear ye'er artless prattle. May a father's blessing attend ye, me manly little gas main, in ye'er new vinture. Fr'm ye'er affectionate father.' An', there, gentlemen, in this sainted missive, stained with me father's tears an' me own thumb-marks, is me answer to ye'er question. Gentlemen, me life is an open book."

"Misther Hughes—'Th' Newgate Calendar?'"

"Gabby George—'Thank ye. I'm obliged to ye. I thank ye again. Thank ye. Thank ye. Thank ye. Have a good cigar. Put it in ye'er pocket to smoke affther supper. Thank ye. It has been a very pleasant day. Ar-re ye all insured? Very well, thin, an' he stepped down."

"Nex' come Misther McGaul."

"Misther Hughes—Misther McGaul, in lookin' over ye'er books I find that most iv th' business iv ye'er comp'ny is brinin' Ligislachures. Will ye have th' goodness an' hardihood to explain?"

"'Twas a Noble Joke"

"Misther McGaul—I'm glad to. Gentlemen, what ye so properly but coarsely call bribes was reely a fund f'r th' difense iv our country against its thraitrous in-mies. Ye think I arne wan hundherd thousand a year investin' th' money iv th' poor. Ye wrong me. That is a job thousands iv men wud pay f'r th' priv'lege iv doin'. Th' rake-off—but I digress. No, gentlemen, I dhrav me small but sufficient sti-pend as a pathrite. I am an expereynced, up-to-date, skilled pathrite. I larned th' thrade as a boy. I love th' flag. I wud die f'r it almost. Rather thin see it dishonored, I wud sacrifice ivry dollar in our treasury over an' above salaries, rint, fixed charges, commissions, intrest, an' cigar money. But I am no dhrreamer. I am a practical pathrite. I am no Caseybianca. I'm more like Wash-inton, Lincoln, an'—let us say—Addicks. Docs a vicious Ligislachure seek to destroy th' boolwarks iv our liberty, which is life insurance. We sind thim a

bunch iv th' pathriotic leaflets issued be th' Treasury Department, an' they desist until their hotel bills comes due again. At Albany, at Harrisburg, at Springfield, at every cintre iv sedition I have a gallant little Spartan band stampin' out th' vipers. Th' comp'ny supplies th' stamps. Whin th' Bryan craze ar-rose an' threatened th' very heart iv' our raypublic—th' dollar—who shud between fair Columbya an' thim that wud despoil her? On'y me. McGaul, that's all. Onaided an' alone, with-out askin' a cint fr'm anny man, I went at wanst to th' treasurer iv th' comp'ny. 'Bill,' says I, 'have ye much money in th' dhrawer?' 'A good deal,' says he. 'Does anny iv it belong to ye or me?' says I. 'About five dollars,' says he. 'Thin,' says I, 'sind th' r-rest over to th' Raypublican Campaign Comity,' I says. 'Th' nation's honor must an' shall be preserved,' says I. An' gentlemen, th' joke iv it was that half th' money belonged to dimmycrats. Wasn't that a good wan, though? Haw, haw! There they were out West losin' their jobs an' havin' their morgedges foreclosed all f'r love iv Bryan, an' here was their money down east fightin' again thim. They beat thimselves. An' they didn't know it. 'Twas a noble joke. I can hardly keep fr'm laughin' now to think iv it. An' thier ye ar-re. Gentlemen, on me sacred wurruk iv honor—what? That's the same as sayin' over th' left? Oh, very well."

"An' he stepped down an' Misther McCurdle went into th' dock or took th' stand, whichever ye like."

"Misther Hughes—Misther McCurdle, who are th' officers iv ye'er comp'ny?"

"McCurdle—I am president, me oldest son is first vice-president; me boy Percy is treasurer. Th' other officers ar-re Bill McCurdle, Mike McCurdle, Lucy McCurdle, Alick McCurdle, Dolly McCurdle, Erastus McCurdle, Si McCurdle, Daisy McCurdle, Emmiline McCurdle, Pet McCurdle, Uncle Jake McCurdle, Aunt Mary Ann McCurdle, Cousin Sam McCurdle, me sons-in-law, me nephews, Baby McCurdle (not yet named), an' our ol' house dog, Towzer McCurdle. They have all been brought up in th' business. I've been careful about that. As soon as wan iv thim is weaned I place a t-y rake-off in their hands an' teach thim to use it. Me youngest gran'child has th' penwiper privilege. Me Cousin Maria's baby boy sells pins to th' policy-holders to pin up their policies or take th' place iv but-tons. An' so on. That is why it is called a mutual society. Ye catch th' idee?"

A Home Missionary

"Misther Hughes—'What d'ye do to arne ye'er sal'ry iv wan hundherd an' fifty thousand?'"

"Misther McCurdle—I don't arne it. I vote it."

"Misther Hughes—'D'ye know annything about th' life insurance business?'"

"Misther McCurdle—Divvle th' thing."

"Misther Hughes—How old ar-re ye?"

"Misther McCurdle—Ye'll have to ask th' actuary in th' comp'ny. An' annyhow I am not a life insurance man in th' ordhiny or common sense iv th' wurruk. I can hire men f'r fifteen dollars a week to be that, an' I'm goin' to cut thim down to twelve. I'm a mis-sion'ry."

"Misther Hughes—'A home mission'ry?'"

"Misther McCurdle—As ye like. Life insurance is me religion. I worship it. I pray to it: 'Give us this day'—in so on. Me business is to spread th' Gospel among th' haythen. That's why I call meself a mis-sion'ry. We follow this system in our onselfish wurruk. In th' first place, we pay such sal'ries as a lab'rer in th' vineyard shud take whin th' owner isn't lookin'. We devote a certain amount to gatharin' in convarts who have escaped th' goold brick game an' other heresies, an' th' rest we put into banks. As soon as we get money enough we start a bank. Th' McCurdle fam'ly in th' intrests iv th' faith takes all th' stock. Thin we deposit th' money iv th' convarted haythen. That makes th' stock iv th' bank high enough to be a safe investmint, an' we sell it to th' policy-holders or insur-ance worshipsers as we call thim. We ar-re very care-ful. I make it a rule niver to sell annything to th' policy-holders that has not first passed through my hands."

"Misther Hughes—'Ye want to look out. Th' hay-then sometimes ates th' mission'ry.'"

"Misther McCurdle—'It's th' other way about with us.'"

"An there ye ar-re, Hinnissy. I've done an injustice to thim life hearts, thim binivolent consciences, thim pathriotic souls. It's th' likes iv thim fine, onselfish men that ye ought to be enthrustin' ye'er savins to instead iv hidin' it in ye'er shoe, where thieves or ye'er wife may get it."

"They'll have no money iv mine," said Mr. Hinnissy.

"Well, ye may be right," said Mr. Dooley. "I asked Father Kelly about it th' other day. 'Well,' says he, 'I don't know much about life insurance,' says he. 'Me business is with th' future life an' is more in th' fire insurance line,' he says. 'But if Gabby George, an' Pathrite McGaul, an' Mission'ry Mack come to me f'r a policy,' he says, 'I'd have to put thim down as exthry hazardous risks,' he says."

THE PATENT MEDICINE CONSPIRACY

AGAINST

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

WOULD any person believe that there is any one subject upon which the newspapers of the United States, acting in concert, by pre-arrangement, in obedience to wires all drawn by one man, will deny full and free discussion? If such a thing is possible, it is a serious matter, for we rely upon the newspapers as at once the most forbidding preventive and the swiftest and surest corrective of evil. For the haunting possibility of newspaper exposure, men who know not at all the fear of God pause, hesitate, and turn back from contemplated rascality. For fear "it might get into the papers," more men are abstaining from crime and carouse to-night than for fear of arrest. But these are trite things—only, what if the newspapers fail us? Relying so wholly on the press to undo evil, how shall we deal with that evil with which the press itself has been seduced into captivity?

In the Lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature one day last March there was a debate which lasted one whole afternoon and engaged some twenty speakers, on a bill providing that every bottle of patent medicine sold in the State should bear a label stating the contents of the bottle. More was told concerning patent medicines that afternoon than often comes to light in a single day. The debate at times was dramatic—a member from Salem told of a young woman of his acquaintance now in an institution for inebriates as the end of an incident which began with patent medicine dosing for a harmless ill. There was humor, too, in the debate—Representative Walker held aloft a bottle of Peruna bought by him in a drug store that very day, and passed it around for his fellow-members to taste and decide for themselves whether Dr. Harrington, the Secretary of the State Board of Health, was right when he told the Legislative Committee that it was merely a "cheap cocktail."

The Papers did not Print One Word

In short, the debate was interesting and important—the two qualities which invariably ensure to any event big headlines in the daily newspapers. But that debate was not celebrated by big headlines, nor any headlines at all. Yet Boston is a city, and Massachusetts is a State, where the proceedings of the Legislature figure very large in public interest, and where the newspapers respond to that interest by reporting the sessions with greater fullness and minuteness than in any other State. Had that debate been on prison reform, on Sabbath observance, the early closing saloon law, on any other subject, there would have been, in the next day's papers, overflowing accounts of verbatim report, more columns of editorial comment, and the picturesque features of it would have ensured the attention of the cartoonist.

Now why? Why was this one subject tabooed? Why were the daily accounts of legislative proceedings in the next day's papers abridged to a fraction of their usual ponderous length, and all reference to the afternoon debate on patent medicines omitted? Why was it in vain for the speakers in that patent medicine debate to search for their speeches in the next day's newspapers? Why did the legislative reporters fail to find their work in print? Why were the staff cartoonists forbidden to exercise their talents on that most fallow and tempting opportunity—the members of the Great and General Court of Massachusetts gravely tipping Peruna and passing the bottle around to their encircled neighbors, that practical knowledge should be the basis of legislative action?

I take it if any man should assert that there is one subject upon which the newspapers of the United States, acting in concert and as a unit, will deny full and free discussion, he would be smiled at as an intemperate fanatic. The thing is too incredible. He would be regarded as a man with a delusion. And yet I invite you to search the files of the daily newspapers of Massachusetts for March 16, 1905, for an account of the patent medicine debate that occurred the afternoon of

"Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."

—JOSEPH STORY: Motto of the Salem "Register."

March 15 in the Massachusetts Legislature. In strict accuracy it must be said that there was one exception. Any one familiar with the newspapers of the United States will already have named it—the Springfield "Republican." That paper, on two separate occasions, gave several columns to the record of the proceedings of the Legislature on the patent medicine bill. Why the otherwise universal silence?

The patent medicine business in the United States is one of huge financial proportions. The census of 1900 placed the value of the annual product at \$59,611,355. Allowing for the increase of half a decade of rapid

growth, it must be to-day not less than seventy-five millions. That is the wholesale price. The retail price of all the patent medicines sold in the United States in one year may be very conservatively placed at one hundred million dollars. And of this one hundred millions which the people of the United States pay for patent medicines yearly, fully forty millions goes to the newspapers. Have patience! I have more

to say than merely to point out the large revenue which newspapers receive from patent medicines, and let inference do the rest. Inference has no place in this story. There are facts a-plenty. But it is essential to point out the intimate financial relation between the newspapers and the patent medicines. I was told by the man who for many years handled the advertising of the Lydia E. Pinkham Company that their expenditure was \$100,000 a month, \$1,200,000 a year. Dr. Pierce and the Peruna Company both advertise much more extensively than the Pinkham Company. Certainly there are at least five patent medicine concerns in the United States who each pay out to the newspapers more than one million dollars a year. When the Dr. Greene Nervura Company of Boston went into bankruptcy, its debts to newspapers for advertising amounted to \$535,000. To the Boston "Herald" alone it owed \$5,000, and to so small a paper, comparatively, as the Atlanta "Constitution" it owed \$1,500. One obscure quack doctor in New York, who did merely an office business, was raided by the authorities, and among the papers seized there were contracts showing that within a year he had paid to one paper for advertising \$5,856.80; to another \$20,000. Dr. Humphreys, one of the best known patent medicine makers, has said to his fellow-members of the Patent Medicine Association: "The twenty thousand newspapers of the United States make more money from advertising the proprietary medicines than do the proprietors of the medicines themselves. . . . Of their Receipts, one-third to one-half goes for advertising." More than six years ago, Cheney, the president of the National Association of Patent Medicine Men, estimated the yearly amount paid to the newspapers by the larger patent medicine concerns at twenty million dollars—more than one thousand dollars to each daily, weekly, and monthly periodical in the United States.

Silence is the Fixed Quantity

Does this throw any light on the silence of the Massachusetts papers? Naturally such large sums paid by the patent medicine men to the newspapers suggest the thought of favor. But silence is too important a part of the patent medicine man's business to be left to the capricious chance of favor. Silence is the most important thing in his business. The ingredients of his medicine—that is nothing. Does the price of golden-seal go up? Substitute whiskey. Does the price of whiskey go up? Buy the refuse wines of the California vineyards. Does the price of opium go too high, or public fear of it make it an inexpedient thing to use? Take it out of the formula and substitute any worthless barnyard weed. But silence is the fixed quantity—silence as to the frauds he practices; silence as to the abominable stewings and brewings that enter into his nostrum; silence as to the deaths and sicknesses he causes; silence as to the drug fiends he makes, the inebriate asylums he fills. Silence he must have. So he makes silence a part of the contract.

Read the significant silence of the Massachusetts newspapers in the light of the following contracts for advertising. They are the regular printed form used by Hood, Ayer, and Munyon in making their advertising contracts with thousands of newspapers throughout the United States.

On the next page is shown the contract made by the J. C. Ayer Company, makers of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. At the top is the name of the firm, "The J. C. Ayer Company, Lowell, Mass.," and the date. Then follows a blank for the number of dollars, and then the formal contract: "We hereby agree, for the sum of . . . Dollars per year, . . . to insert in the . . . published at . . . the

This Contract is Void If Patent Sheets with Advertisements are Used.

Three Years' Advertising Contract.

By Isaiah County of Essex
State of Mass. March 16, 1905

We hereby agree with CHENEY MEDICINE COMPANY, for the sum of 20.00 DOLLARS, to insert the advertisement of "HALL'S CATARRH CURE," containing matter as per copy furnished (set in our regular reading matter type) to be published, each issue of Paper and to appear in regular reading matter not to be preceded by any paid notice, and on local or editorial page. Said advertisement to be run for three years with the privilege of twelve changes annually.

Payment to be made semi-annually. Advertisements to be published in Daily Register and Weekly Register
Published at Lowell, Mass.

We also agree to mail a copy of each issue containing "Ad" to Cheney Medicine Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Circulation, Daily 2000 Circulation, Weekly 2000

It is mutually agreed that this Contract is void, if any law is enacted by your State restricting or prohibiting the manufacture or sale of proprietary medicines.

Remarks _____

CHENEY MEDICINE CO.

Name of Paper Isaiah Per W. A. White Manager.

THE "CONTRACT OF SILENCE"

The two lines in heavy type are the "red clause"

ESTABLISHED 1872

CHENEY MEDICINE CO.

J. C. Cheney & Co. Proprietors

HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
HALL'S FAMILY PILLS.

Toledo, Ohio Feb/14, 1905.

Sir,

Should House Bill Nos. 429, 36, 407, 742, or Senate Bill 165, become law, it will force us to discontinue advertising in your state. Your prompt attention regarding this Bill we believe would be of mutual benefit.

We would respectfully refer you to a contract which we have with you.

Respectfully,
WAC Cheney Medicine Company.

SIMPLE METHOD OF ENFORCING THE "CONTRACT OF SILENCE"

A letter such as this was sent last February to every paper in Massachusetts which had a contract with any patent medicine concern. There were very few newspapers uncontaminated by the red clause, and they all gave "prompt attention to the bill." The name of the paper to which this letter was addressed is erased in order to shield the publishers from consequences that might follow

THE PATENT MEDICINE CONSPIRACY

advertisement of the J. C. Ayer Company." Then follow the conditions as to space to be used each issue, the page the advertisement is to be on, and the position it is to occupy. Then these two remarkable conditions of the contract: "First—It is agreed in case any law or laws are enacted, either State or national, harmful to the interests of the J. C. Ayer Company, that this contract may be canceled by them from date of such enactment, and the insertions made paid for pro-rata with the contract price."

This clause is remarkable enough. But of it more later. For the present, examine the second clause: "Second—It is agreed that the J. C. Ayer Company may cancel this contract, pro-rata, in case advertisements are published in this paper in which their products are offered, with a view to substitution or other harmful motive, also in case any matter otherwise detrimental to the J. C. Ayer Company's interests is permitted to appear in the reading columns or elsewhere in the paper."

This agreement is signed in duplicate, one copy by the J. C. Ayer Company and the other one by the newspaper.

All Muzzle-Clauses Alike

That is the contract of silence. (Notice the next one to it in identically the same language, bearing the name of the C. I. Hood Company, the other great manufacturer of sarsaparilla; and then the third—again in identically the same words—for Dr. Munyon.) That is the clause which, with forty million dollars, muzzles the press of the country. I wonder if the Standard Oil Company could, for forty million dollars, bind the newspapers of the United States in a contract that "no matter detrimental to the Standard Oil Company's interests be permitted to appear in the reading columns or elsewhere in this paper."

Is it a mere coincidence that in each of these contracts the silence clause is framed in the same words? Is the inference fair that there is an agreement among the patent medicine men and quack doctors each to impose this contract on all the newspapers with which it deals, one reaching the newspapers which the other does not, and all combined reaching all the papers in the United States, and effecting a universal agreement among newspapers to print nothing detrimental to patent medicines? You need not take it as an inference. I shall show it later as a fact.

"In the reading columns or elsewhere in this paper." The paper must not print it itself, nor must it allow any outside party, who might wish to do so, to pay the regular advertising rates and print the truth about patent medicines in the advertising columns. More than a year ago, just after Mr. Bok had printed his first article exposing patent medicines, a business man in St. Louis, a man of great wealth, conceived that it would

help his business greatly if he could have Mr. Bok's article printed as an advertisement in every newspaper in the United States. He gave the order to a firm of advertising agents and the firm began in Texas, intending to cover the country to Maine. But that advertisement never got beyond a few obscure country papers in Texas. The contract of silence was effective; and a few weeks later, at their annual meeting, the patent medicine association "Resolved"—I quote the minutes—"That this Association commend the action of the great majority of the publishers of the United States who have consistently refused said false and malicious attacks in the shape of advertisements which in whole or in part libel proprietary medicines."

constitution, by-laws. And I would call special attention to Article II of those by-laws.

"The objects of this association," says this article, "are: to protect the rights of its members to the respective trade-marks that they may own or control; to establish such mutual co-operation as may be required in the various branches of the trade; to reduce all burdens that may be oppressive; to facilitate and foster equitable principles in the purchase and sale of merchandise; to acquire and preserve for the use of its members such business information as may be of value to them; to adjust controversies and promote harmony among its members."

That is as innocuous a statement as ever was penned of the objects of any organization. It might serve for an organization of honest cobblers. Change a few words, without altering the spirit in the least, and a body of ministers might adopt it. In this laboriously complete statement of objects, there is no such word as "lobby" or "lobbying." Indeed, so harmless a word as "legislation" is absent—strenuously absent.

Where the Money Goes

But I prefer to discover the true object of the organization of the "Proprietary Association of America" in another document than Article II of the by-laws. Consider the annual report of the treasurer, say for 1904. The total of money paid out during the year was \$8,516.26. Of this, one thousand dollars was for the secretary's salary, leaving \$7,516.26 to be accounted for. Then there is an item of postage, one of stationery, one of printing—the little routine expenses of every organization; and finally there is this remarkable item:

"Legislative Committee, total expenses, \$6,606.95."

Truly the Proprietary Association of America seems to have several objects, as stated in its by-laws, which cost it very little, and one object—not stated in its by-laws at all—which costs it all its annual revenue aside from the routine expenses of stationery, postage, and secretary. If just a few more words of comment may be permitted upon this point, does it not seem odd that so large an item as \$6,606.95, out of a total budget of only \$8,516.26, should be put in as a lump sum, "Legislative Committee, total expenses"? And would not the annual report of the Proprietary Association of America be a more entertaining document if these "total expenses" of the Legislative Committee were carefully itemized?

Not that I mean to charge the direct corruption of legislatures. The Proprietary Association of America used to do that. They used to spend, according to the statement of the present president of the organization, Mr. F. J. Cheney, as much as seventy-five thousand

POSTAL TELEGRAPH-CABLE COMPANY IN CONNECTION WITH THE COMMERCIAL CABLE COMPANY.

TELEGRAM

9 b 4 520 p 24

Binghamton NY Mar 10, 05

Spy,

Taunton.

House bill eight hundred and twenty nine discriminating against proprietary medicines passed lower house. Up in senate Monday.

Quick work necessary. Use your influence.

Willie Sharpe E. M.

Adv. Art.

THE TELEGRAM THAT SNAPS THE WHIP AT AMERICAN EDITORS

This message means: "Publish an article in your newspaper and use every influence in opposing the passage of this bill." And the newspapers do it on command

I have said that the identity of the language of the silence clause in several patent medicine advertising contracts suggests mutual understanding among the nostrum makers, a preconceived plan; and I have several times mentioned the patent medicine association. It seems incongruous, almost humorous, to speak of a national organization of quack doctors and patent medicine makers; but there is one, brought together for mutual support, for co-operation, for—but just what this organization is for, I hope to show. No other organization ever demonstrated so clearly the truth that "in union there is strength." Its official name is an innocent-seeming one—"The Proprietary Association of America." There are annual meetings, annual reports, a

J. C. Ayer Company

Manufacturing Chemists

Lowell, Mass., May 31 1905

We hereby agree, for the sum of Seven Dollars per year, payable in quarterly installments as agreed, upon receipt of bill, to insert in the Herald published at Lowell, Mass., of State of the advertisements of J. C. Ayer Company, of Lowell, Mass., during the ensuing twelve months, from date of first insertion, at the rate of one insertion in matter, arrangement, and date of publication, according to plates and copy furnished by them, the space and insertions to be of specified below, viz:

advertisement to average 10 lines each week in the weekly issue, each insertion to be at top of page, wholly adjoining pure reading down one side and underneath, or at bottom of page, apart from other advertising.

1 advertisement to average 4 lines each week in the weekly issue, each insertion to be at top of page, wholly adjoining pure reading down one side and underneath, or at bottom of page, apart from other advertising (as paper to be made up on).

We also agree to notify J. C. Ayer Company of first insertion of these advertisements, to mail one copy of every issue of the paper as published to J. C. Ayer Company, Lowell, Mass., during term of this contract, and to promptly supply missing papers upon request.

Change in make-up of paper or consolidation with another paper entitles J. C. Ayer Company to select new position or cancel contract, as preferred by them.

First.—It is agreed in case any law or laws are enacted, either State or National, harmful to the interests of the J. C. Ayer Company, that this contract may be cancelled by them from date of such enactment, and the insertions made paid for pro-rata with the contract price.

Second.—It is agreed that the J. C. Ayer Company may cancel this contract, pro-rata, in case advertisements are published in this paper in which their products are offered, with a view to substitution or other harmful motive; also, in case any matter otherwise detrimental to the J. C. Ayer Company's interests is permitted to appear in the reading columns, or elsewhere in this paper.

Guaranteed Circulation 125

Accepted for J. C. Ayer Co. by J. C. Ayer

DO NOT SIGN. Return to J. C. AYER CO. for their acceptance.

Lowell, Mass., Feb 26 1904

Parker Co.

Publisher of Sunday

Dear Sir: We hereby agree to pay 12¢ per inch each dollar per contract signed by you, as follows:

Weekly—five 1/2 inches 58 insertions, first ad. on a good local page, top of page with reading matter both sides and following, or first ad. in col. and with reading matter both sides, changed every issue, then on a separate page, changed every insertion, and a monthly notice.

Monthly—notice to be inserted on the second week of each month, in the same type and position of the paper, apart from other notices and advertisements. Notice to be furnished by C. I. Hood Co. Papers included, and furnished to us regularly on the only proof that the advertisement is being inserted.

It is further agreed that the payment shall be made promptly on fulfillment of contract, and that any failure to insert advertisements as specified shall be properly made up, or a new pro-rata may be demanded at time of payment; also that credit is not to be given for insertions, if our advertisement is placed in a column with other advertisements preceding it, or in a supplement, or if notice is in a condensed notice column; also if make-up of paper is changed, the advertisement will be given position on a page complete to us; and the price for display advertisements shall be returned when called for. Additional display space at pro-rata.

Only enough insertions of display required to use space specified.

Please instruct your foreman, that our contract may be correctly and faithfully carried; also that our name is properly placed on your mailing list, that we may promptly receive the papers upon the first and all subsequent insertions, and thereby insure the proper entry of advertisements to your credit on our books.

It is agreed that the C. I. Hood Co. may cancel this contract, pro-rata, in case advertisements are published in this paper in which their products are offered, with a view to substitution, or other harmful motive; also, in case any matter otherwise detrimental to the C. I. Hood Co.'s interests is permitted to appear in the reading columns, or elsewhere in this paper.

In case national or state legislation shall be enacted adverse to the manufacturers or sale of proprietary medicines, then this contract shall, at the option of the advertiser, be cancelled, payment to be made pro-rata for number of insertions given.

Trusting that our business relations may prove mutually pleasant and profitable, we take pleasure in subscribing ourselves,

Very truly yours,

C. I. Hood Co.

We hereby agree to insert the advertisements of the Munyon's H. H. Remedy Co. in our edition, for the next months and thereafter, same rate and conditions until forbid by either party, according to copy and instructions furnished by the Munyon's H. H. Remedy Co.

Position top of col. and next to reading matter. To be first medical advertisement in paper and not to be placed in crotch or fold of paper. This can be avoided by having a column of reading or advertising between. At the rate of

Payments to be made monthly quarterly on the basis of the amount of space used.

All advertisements to be set in regular reading type of paper when desired. Change in copy to be made without extra charge.

This agreement is not to be invalidated by insertions in wrong locations or omissions, as improper insertions or lack of insertions are not to be counted or paid for, the publisher guaranteeing the full number of correct insertions with proper positions.

All editions each day of papers containing the advertisement of the Munyon's H. H. Remedy Co. to be sent to them during the life of this contract, and to supply missing copies upon request.

Change in make-up of paper or consolidation with another paper entitles the Munyon's H. H. Remedy Co. to select new position at above rate or cancel contract, as preferred by them.

First—It is agreed in case any law or laws are enacted, either State or National, harmful to the interests of the Munyon's H. H. Remedy Co., that this contract may be canceled by them from date of such enactment, and the insertions made paid for pro-rata with the contract price.

Second—It is agreed that the Munyon's H. H. Remedy Co. may cancel this contract pro-rata in case advertisements are published in this paper in which their products are offered, with a view to substitution or other harmful motive; also, in case any matter otherwise detrimental to the Munyon's H. H. Remedy Co.'s interests is permitted to appear in the reading columns, or elsewhere in this paper.

Guaranteed average circulation for past twelve months

Accepted for By

THIS IS THE FORM OF CONTRACT THAT MUZZLES THE PRESS OF THE UNITED STATES

The gist of the contract lies in the clause which is marked with brackets, to the effect that the agreement is voidable, in case any matter detrimental to the advertiser's interests "is permitted to appear in the reading columns, or elsewhere, in this paper." This clause, in the same words, appears in all three of these patent medicine advertising contracts. The documents reproduced above were gathered from three different newspapers in widely separated parts of the United States. The name of the paper in each case has been suppressed in order to shield the publisher from the displeasure of the patent medicine combination. How much publishers are compelled to fear this displeasure is exemplified by the experience of the Cleveland "Press," from whose columns \$18,000 worth of advertising was withdrawn within forty-eight hours

Y AGAINST THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

dollars a year. But that was before Mr. Cheney himself discovered a better way. The fighting of public health legislation is the primary object and chief activity, the very *raison d'être*, of the Proprietary Association. The motive back of bringing the quack doctors and patent medicine manufacturers of the United States into a mutual organization was this: Here are some scores of men, each paying a large sum annually to the newspapers. The aggregate of these sums is forty million dollars. By organization, the full effect of this money can be got and used as a unit in preventing the passage of laws which would compel them to tell the contents of their nostrums, and in suppressing the newspaper publicity which would drive them into oblivion. So it was no mean intellect which devised the scheme whereby every newspaper in America is made an active lobbyist for the patent medicine association. The man who did it is the present president of the organization, its executive head in the work of suppressing public knowledge, stifling public opinion, and warding off public health legislation—the Mr. Cheney already mentioned. He makes a catarrh cure which, according to the Massachusetts State Board of Health, contains fourteen and three-fourths per cent of alcohol. As to his scheme for making the newspapers of America not only maintain silence, but actually lobby in behalf of the patent medicines, I am glad that I am not under the necessity of describing it in my own words. It would be easy to err in the direction that makes for incredulity. Fortunately I need take no responsibility. I have Mr. Cheney's own words, in which he explained his scheme to his fellow-members of the Proprietary Association of America. The quotation marks alone (and the comment within parentheses) are mine. The remainder is the language of Mr. Cheney himself:

Mr. Cheney's Plan

"We have had a good deal of difficulty in the last few years with the different legislatures of the different States. . . . I believe I have a plan whereby we will have no difficulty whatever with these people. I have used it in my business for two years, and I know it is a practical thing. . . . I, inside of the last two years, have made contracts with between fifteen and sixteen thousand newspapers, and never had but one man refuse to sign the contract, and by saying to him that I could not sign a contract without this clause in it he readily signed it. My point is merely to shift the responsibility. We to-day have the responsibility of the whole matter upon our shoulders. As you all know, there is hardly a year but we have had a lobbyist in the different State Legislatures—one year in New York, one year in New Jersey, and so on." (Read that frank confession twice—note the bland matter-of-factness of it.) "There has been constant fear that something would come up, so I had this clause in my contract added. This is what I have in every contract I make: 'It is hereby agreed that should your State, or the United States Government, pass any law that would interfere with or restrict the sale of proprietary medicines, this contract shall become void.' . . . In the State of Illinois a few years ago they wanted to assess me three hundred dollars. I thought I had a better plan than this, so I wrote to about forty papers and merely said: 'Please look at your contract with me and take note that if this law passes you and I must stop doing business, and my contracts cease.' The next week every one of them had an article, and Mr. Man had to go. . . . I read this to Dr. Pierce some days ago and he was very much taken up with it. I have carried this through and know it is a success. I know the papers will accept it. Here is a thing that costs us nothing. We are guaranteed against the \$75,000 loss for nothing. It throws the responsibility on the newspapers. . . . I have my contracts printed and I have this printed in red type, right square across the contract, so there can be absolutely no mistake, and the newspaper man can not say to me, 'I did not see it.' He did see it and knows what he is doing. It seems to me it is a point worth every man's attention. . . . I think this is pretty near a sure thing."

I should like to ask the newspaper owners and editors of America what they think of that scheme. I believe that the newspapers, when they signed each individual contract, were not aware that they were being dragooned into an elaborately thought-out scheme to make every newspaper in the United States, from the greatest metropolitan daily to the remotest country weekly, an active, energetic, self-interested lobbyist for the patent medicine association. If the newspapers knew how they were being used as cat's-paws, I believe they would resent it. Certainly the patent medicine association itself feared this, and has kept this plan of Mr. Cheney's a careful

Humphreys. The suggestion is a good one, but when we come to put it in our public proceedings, and state that we have adopted such a resolution, I want to say that the Legislators are just as sharp as the newspaper men. . . . As a consequence, this will decrease the weight of the press comments. Some of the papers, also, who would not come in, would publish something about it in the way of getting square. . . ."

This contract is the backbone of the scheme. The further details, the organization of the bureau to carry it into effect—that, too, has been kept carefully concealed from the generally

CAN MR. CHENEY RECONCILE THESE STATEMENTS?

Letter addressed to Mr. William Allen White, Editor of the "Gazette," Emporia, Kansas,

By FRANK J. CHENEY

Dear Sir—

I read with a great deal of interest, to-day, an article in COLLIER'S illustrating therein the contract between your paper and ourselves. [See p. 13—Editor.]

Mr. S. Hopkins Adams endeavored very hard (as I understand) to find me, but I am sorry to say that I was not at home. I really believe that I could have explained that clause of the contract to his entire satisfaction, and thereby saved him the humiliation of making an erratic statement.

This is the first intimation that I ever have had that that clause was put into the contract to control the Press in any way, or the editorial columns of the Press. I believe that if Mr. Adams was making contracts now, and making three-year contracts, the same as we are, taking into consideration the conditions of the different legislatures, he would be desirous of this same paragraph as a safety guard to protect himself, in case any State did pass a law prohibiting the sale of our goods.

His argument surely falls flat when he takes into consideration the conduct of the North Dakota Legislature, because every newspaper in that State that we advertise in had contracts containing that clause. Why we should be compelled to pay for from one to two years' advertising or more, in a State where we could not sell our goods, is more than I can understand. As before stated, it is merely a precautionary paragraph to meet conditions such as now exist in North Dakota. We were compelled to withdraw from that State because we would not publish our formula, and therefore, under this contract, we are not compelled to continue our advertising.

To illustrate: There are 739 publications in your State—619 of these are Dailies and Weeklies. Out of this number we are advertising in over 500, at an annual expenditure of \$8,000 per year (estimated). We make a three-year contract with all of them, and therefore our liabilities in your State are \$24,000, providing, of course, all these contracts were made at the same date. Should these contracts all be made this fall and your State should pass a law this winter (three months later) prohibiting the sale of our goods, there would be virtually a loss to us of \$24,000. Therefore, for a business precaution to guard against just such conditions, we add the red paragraph referred to in COLLIER'S.

I make this statement to you, as I am credited with being the originator of the paragraph, and I believe that I am justified in adding this paragraph to our contract, not for the purpose of controlling the Press, but, as before stated, as a business precaution which any man should take who expects to pay his bills.

Will you kindly give me your version of the situation? Awaiting an early reply, I am,

Sincerely yours,

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Extract from a speech delivered before the Proprietary Association of America

By FRANK J. CHENEY

"We have had a good deal of difficulty in the last few years with the different legislatures of the different States. . . . I believe I have a plan whereby we will have no difficulty whatever with these people. I have used it in my business for two years, and I know it is a practical thing. . . . I, inside of the last two years, have made contracts with between fifteen and sixteen thousand newspapers, and never had but one man refuse to sign the contract, and by saying to him that I could not sign a contract without this clause in it he readily signed it. My point is merely to shift the responsibility. We to-day have the responsibility of the whole matter upon our shoulders. . . . 'There has been constant fear that something would come up, so I had this clause in my contract added. This is what I have in every contract I make: 'It is hereby agreed that should your State, or the United States Government, pass any law that would interfere with or restrict the sale of proprietary medicines, this contract shall become void.' . . . In the State of Illinois a few years ago they wanted to assess me three hundred dollars. I thought I had a better plan than this, so I wrote to about forty papers and merely said: 'Please look at your contract with me and take note that if this law passes you and I must stop doing business, and my contracts cease.' The next week every one of them had an article. . . . I have carried this through and know it is a success. I know the papers will accept it. Here is a thing that costs us nothing. We are guaranteed against the \$75,000 loss for nothing. It throws the responsibility on the newspapers. . . . I have my contracts printed and I have this printed in red type, right square across the contract, so there can be absolutely no mistake, and the newspaper man can not say to me, 'I did not see it.' He did see it and knows what he is doing. It seems to me it is a point worth every man's attention. . . . I think this is pretty near a sure thing."

Valuable Newspaper Aid

Dr. Pierce's son, Dr. V. Mott Pierce, was chairman of the Committee on Legislation. He was the author of the "matters and suggestions" which must be considered in the dark. "Never before," said he, "in the history of the Proprietary Association were there so many bills in different State Legislatures that were vital to our interests. This was due, we think, to an effort on the part of different State Boards of Health, who have of late years held national meetings, to make an organized effort to establish what are known as 'pure food laws.' Then the younger Pierce stated explicitly the agency responsible for the defeat of this public health legislation: 'We must not forget to place the honor where due for our uniform success in defeating class legislation directed against our legitimate pursuits. The American Newspaper Publishers' Association has rendered us valued aid through their secretary's office in New York, and we can hardly overestimate the power brought to bear at Washington by individual newspapers.' . . . (On another occasion, Dr. Pierce, speaking of two bills in the Illinois Legislature, said: 'Two things operated to bring these bills to the danger line. In the first place, the Chicago papers were almost wholly without influence in the Legislature. . . . Had it not been for the active co-operation of the press of the State outside of Chicago, there is absolute certainty that the bill would have passed. . . . I think that a great many members do not appreciate the power that we can bring to bear upon legislation through the press.'") But this power, in young Dr. Pierce's opinion, must be organized and systematized. "If it is not presumptuous on the part of your chairman," he said modestly, "to outline a policy which experience seems to dictate for the future, it would be briefly as follows"—here the younger Pierce explains the "matters and suggestions" which must not be "published broadcast over the country." The first was "the organization of a Legislative

Bureau, with its offices in New York or Chicago. Second, a secretary, to be appointed by the chairman of the Committee on Legislation, who will receive a stated salary, sufficiently large to be in keeping with such person's ability, and to compensate him for the giving of all his time to this work." "The benefits of such a working bureau to the Proprietary Association," said Dr. Pierce, "can be foreseen: First, a systematic plan to acquire early knowledge of pending or threatened legislation could be taken up. In the past we have relied too much upon newspaper managers to acquaint us of such bills coming up. . . . Another plan would be to have the

secret. In this same meeting of the Proprietary Association of America, just after Mr. Cheney had made the speech quoted above, and while it was being resolved that every other patent medicine man should put the same clause in his contract, the venerable Dr. Humphreys, oldest and wisest of the guild, arose and said: "Will it not be now just as well to act upon this, each and every one for himself, instead of putting this on record? . . . I think the idea is a good one, but really don't think it had better go in our proceedings." And another fellow nostrum-maker, seeing instantly the necessity of secrecy, said: "I am heartily in accord with Dr.

regulation formula bill, for instance, introduced by some friendly legislator, and have it referred to his own committee, where he could hold it until all danger of such another bill being introduced were over, and the Legislature had adjourned."

Little wonder Dr. Pierce wanted a secret session to cover up the frank naïveté of his son, which he did not wish to have published broadcast over the country, for very good reasons."

In discussing this plan for a legislative bureau, another member told what in his estimation was needed. "The trouble," said he—I quote from the minutes—"the trouble we will have in attempting to buy legislation—supposing we should attempt it—is that we will never know what we are buying until we get through. We may have paid the wrong man, and the bill is passed and we are out. It is not a safe proposition, if we considered it legitimate, which we do not."

True, it is not legitimate, but the main point is, it's not safe; that's the thing to be considered.

The patent medicine man continued to elaborate on the plans proposed by Dr. Pierce: "It would not be a safe proposition at all. What this Association should have . . . is a regularly established bureau. . . . We should have all possible information on tap, and we should have a list of the members of the Legislature of every State. We should have a list of the most influential men that control them, or that can influence them."

For instance, if in the State of Ohio a bill comes up that is adverse to us, turn to the books, find out who are the members of the Legislature there, who are the publishers of the papers in the State, where they are located, which are the Republican and which the Democratic papers. . . . It will take money, but if the money is rightly spent, it will be the best investment ever made."

The Trust's Club for Legislators

That is about as comprehensive, as frankly impudent a scheme of controlling legislation as it is possible to imagine. The plan was put in the form of a resolution, and the resolution was passed. And so the Proprietary Association of America maintains a lawyer in Chicago, and a permanent secretary, office, and staff. In every State capital in the United States it maintains an agent whose business it is to watch during the session of the Legislature each day's batch of new bills, and whenever a bill affecting patent medicines shows its head to telegraph the bill, verbatim, to headquarters. There some scores of printed copies of the bill are made, and a copy is sent to every member of the Association—to the Peruna people, to Dr. Pierce at Buffalo, to Kilmer at Binghamton, to Cheney at Toledo, to the Pinkham people at Lynn, and to all the others. Thereupon each manufacturer looks up the list of papers in the threatened State with which he has the contracts described above. And to each newspaper he sends a peremptory telegram calling the publisher's attention to the obligations of his contract, and commanding him to go to work to defeat the anti-patent-medicine bill. In practice, this organization works with smooth perfection and well-oiled accuracy to defeat the public health legislation which is introduced by Boards of Health in over a score of States every year. To illustrate, let me describe as typical the history of the public health bills which were introduced and defeated in Massachusetts last year. I have already mentioned them as showing how the newspapers, obeying that part of their contract which requires them to print nothing harmful to patent medicines, refused to print any account of the exposures which were made by several members of the Legislature during the debate of the bill. I wish here to describe their obedience to that other clause of the contract, in living up to which they printed scores of bitterly partisan editorials against the public health bill, and against its authors personally: threatened with political death those members of the Legislature who were disposed to vote in favor of it, and even, in the persons of editors and owners, went up to the State House and lobbied personally against the bill. And since I have already told of Mr. Cheney's authorship of the scheme, I will here reproduce, as typical of all the others (all the other large patent medicine concerns sent similar letters and telegrams), the letter which Mr. Cheney himself on the 14th day of February sent to all the newspapers in Massachusetts with which he has his lobbying contracts—practically every newspaper in the State:

"Publishers
"TOLFO, OHIO, Feb. 14, 1905
Mass.

"GENTLEMEN:

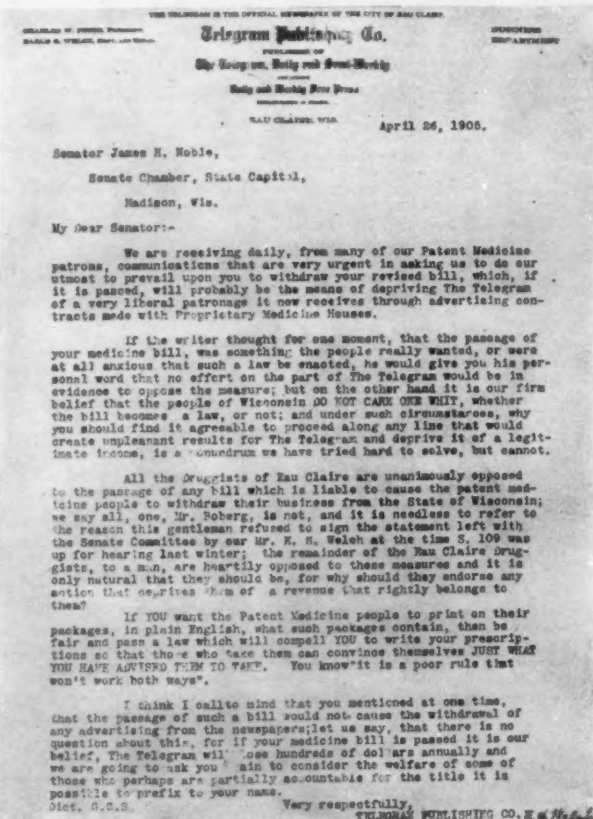
"Should Horse bills Nos. 829, 30, 607, 724, or Senate bill No. 185 become laws, it will force us to discontinue advertising in your State. Your prompt attention regarding this bill we believe would be of mutual benefit. "We would respectfully refer you to the contract which we have with you. Respectfully,
"CHENEY MEDICINE COMPANY."

Now here is the fruit which that letter bore: a strong editorial against the anti-patent medicine bill, denouncing it and its author in the most vituperative language, a marked copy of which was sent to every member of the Massachusetts Legislature. But this was not all that this one zealous publisher did; he sent telegrams to a number of members, and a personal letter to the representative of his district calling on that member

not only to vote, but to use his influence against the bill, on pain of forfeiting the paper's favor.

Now this seems to me a shameful thing—that a Massachusetts newspaper, of apparent dignity and outward high standing, should jump to the cracking of the whip of a nostrum-maker in Ohio; that honest and well-meaning members of the Massachusetts Legislature, whom all the money of Rockefeller could not buy, who obey only the one thing which they look upon as the expression of the public opinion of their constituents, the united voice of the press of their district—that these men should unknowingly cast their votes at the dictate of a nostrum-maker in Ohio, who, if he should deliver his command personally and directly, instead of through a newspaper supine enough to let him control it for a hundred dollars a year, would be scorned and flouted.

Any self-respecting newspaper must be humiliated by the attitude of the patent medicine association. They don't ask the newspapers to do it—they order it done. Read again Mr. Cheney's account of his plan, note the half-contemptuous attitude toward the newspapers. And read again Mr. Cheney's curt letter to the Massachusetts papers: observe the threat, just sufficiently veiled to make it more of a threat; and the formal or-



EXAMPLE OF WHAT MR. CHENEY CALLS "SHIFTING THE RESPONSIBILITY"

This letter was sent by the publishers of one of the leading newspapers in Wisconsin to Senator Noble of that State. It illustrates the method adopted by the patent medicine makers to compel the newspapers in each State to do their lobbying for them. Senator Noble introduced a bill requiring patent medicine manufacturers to state on their labels the percentage of various poisons which every bottle might contain. Senator Noble and a few others fought valiantly for their bill throughout the whole of the last session of the Wisconsin Legislature, but were defeated by the united action of the newspaper publishers, who, as this letter shows, exerted pressure of every kind, including threats, to compel members of the Legislature to vote against the bill

der, as from a superior to a clerk: "We would respectfully refer you to the contract which we have with you."

And the threat is not an empty one. The newspaper which refuses to aid the patent medicine people is marked. Some time ago Dr. V. Mott Pierce of Buffalo was chairman of what is called the "Committee on Legislation" of the Proprietary Association of America. He was giving his annual report to the Association. "We are happy to say," said he, "that though over a dozen bills were before the different State Legislatures last winter and spring, yet we have succeeded in defeating all the bills which were prejudicial to proprietary interests without the use of money, and through the vigorous co-operation and aid of the publishers. January 23 your committee sent out letters to the principal publications in New York asking their aid against this measure. It is hardly necessary to state that the publishers of New York responded generously against these harmful measures. The only small exception was the 'Evening Star' of Poughkeepsie, New York, the publisher of which, in a very discourteous letter, refused to assist us in any way."

Is it to be doubted that Dr. Pierce reported this exception to his fellow patent medicine men, that they might make note of the offending paper, and bear it in mind when they made their contracts the following year? There are other cases which show what happens to the newspaper which offends the patent medicine men. I am fortunate enough to be able to describe the following incident in the language of the man who wielded the club, as he told the story with much pride

to his fellow patent medicine men at their annual meeting:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Proprietary Association," said Mr. Cooper, "I desire to present to you a situation which I think it is incumbent upon manufacturers generally to pay some attention to—namely, the publication of sensational drug news which appears from time to time in the leading papers of the country. . . . There are, no doubt, many of you in the room, at least a dozen, who are familiar with the sensational articles that appeared in the Cleveland 'Press.' Gentlemen, this is a question that appeals to you as a matter of business. . . . The Cleveland 'Press' indulged in a tirade against the so-called 'drug trust.' . . . (the 'drug trust' is the same organization of patent medicine men—including Pierce, Pinkham, Peruna, Kilmer, and all the well-known ones—which I have referred to as the patent medicine association. Its official name is the Proprietary Association of America). "I sent out the following letter to fifteen manufacturers" (of patent medicines):

"GENTLEMEN—Inclosed we hand you copy of matter which is appearing in the Cleveland papers. It is detrimental to the drug business to have this matter agitated in a sensational way. In behalf of the trade we would ask you to use your influence with the papers in Cleveland to discontinue this unnecessary publicity, and if you feel you can do so, we would like to have you wire the business managers of the Cleveland papers to discontinue their sensational drug articles, as it is proving very injurious to your business. Respectfully,
"E. R. COOPER."

"Because of that letter which we sent out, the Cleveland 'Press' received inside of forty-eight hours telegrams from six manufacturers canceling thousands of dollars' worth of advertising and causing a consequent dearth of sensational matter along drug lines. It resulted in a loss to one paper alone of over eighteen thousand dollars in advertising. Gentlemen, when you touch a man's pocket, you touch him where he lives; that principle is true of the newspaper editor or the retail druggist, and goes through all business."

The Trust's Club for Newspapers

That is the account of how the patent medicine man used his club on the newspaper head, told in the patent medicine man's own words, as he described it to his fellows. Is it pleasant reading for self-respecting newspaper men—the exultant air of those last sentences, and the worldly wisdom: "When you touch a man's pocket you touch him where he lives; that principle is true of the newspaper editor . . . ?"

But the worst of this incident has not yet been told. There remains the account of how the offending newspaper, in the language of the bully, "ate dirt." The Cleveland 'Press' is one of a syndicate of newspapers, all under Mr. McRae's ownership—but I will use Mr. Cooper's own words:

"We not only reached the Cleveland 'Press' by the movement taken up in that way, but went further, for the Cleveland 'Press' is one of a syndicate of newspapers known as the Scripps-McRae League, from whom this explanation is self-explanatory:

"OFFICE OF SCRIPPS-MCRAE
PRESS ASSOCIATION.
"Mr. E. R. COOPER, Cleveland, Ohio:

"Mr. McRae arrived in New York the latter part of last week after a three months' trip to Egypt. I took up the matter of the recent cut-rate articles which appeared in the Cleveland 'Press' with him, and to-day received the following telegram from him from Cincinnati: "Scripps-McRae papers will contain no more such as Cleveland 'Press' published concerning the medicine trust—M. A. McRae." I am sure that in the future nothing will appear in the Cleveland 'Press' detrimental to your interests."

"Yours truly, F. J. KILMER."

This incident was told, in the exact words above quoted, at the nineteenth annual meeting of the Proprietary Association of America.

I could, if space permitted, quote many other telegrams and letters from the Kilmer's Swamp Root makers, from the Piso's Cure people, from all the large patent medicine manufacturers. The same thing that happened in Massachusetts happened last year in New Hampshire, in Wisconsin, in Utah, in more than fifteen States. In Wisconsin the response by the newspapers to the command of the patent medicine people was even more humiliating than in Massachusetts. Not only did individual newspapers work against the formula bill; there is a "Wisconsin Press Association," which includes the owners and editors of most of the newspapers of the State. That Association held a meeting and passed resolutions, "that we are opposed to said bill . . . providing that hereafter all patent medicine sold in this State shall have the formulae thereof printed on their labels," and "Resolved, That the Association appoint a committee of five publishers to oppose the passage of the measure." And in this same State the larger dailies in the cities took it upon themselves to drum up the smaller country papers and get them to write editorials opposed to the formula bill. Nor was even this the measure of their activity in response to the command of the patent medicine association. I am able to give the letter which is reproduced on this page. It was sent by the publisher of one of the largest daily papers in Wisconsin to the State Senator who introduced the bill. In one Western State, a Board of Health

(Continued on page 25)

M'L I S S ' S C H I L D

"He that is without sin, let him first cast a stone"

By ELLA HIGGINSON

"I JUST thought maybe you would," said Mrs. Herb, with a little scared catch in her voice at her own audacity. There was a dashed look across her eyes. "You wasted just that much of your thoughts," said Mrs. Purple calmly. Her lips were set in a straight, uncompromising line. She sat stiff and erect in her chair, like a gaunt stone rising out of the sea. It was a rocking-chair, but there was no rock to it when she sat in it. She held that rocking was for women with no backbone to them; like Mrs. Herb, for instance, who was now rocking to and fro almost wildly.

"Seeing you was the deacon's wife," added Mrs. Herb, faintly.

"Seeing I'm the deacon's wife," returned Mrs. Purple firmly, "is precisely why I don't uphold sin."

She arose, and, drawing a strong linen handkerchief from her belt, made little flicks and dabs at some imaginary dust on the lamp. Then she lifted her voice.

"Maybelle! Oh, Maybelle!"

A young girl came into the room, and her mother's face softened at sight of her. She was just blooming into a beautiful womanhood. She was all soft curves and dimples. Her color was like a wild rose blending into cream. Her dark curls were tied together with a rose ribbon at the nape of her neck. Her eyes were large and softly dark, like a gazelle's.

"Did you call, mother?"

"Yes, I called. Mis' Herb's here. My land! don't you see her?"

Maybelle blushed. "How-do-you-do, Mrs. Herb?"

"How-do-you-do, Maybelle. My! you look as sweet as peaches and cream. They can't a one of 'em give you come-uppin's, can they?"

"I guess they can't," bragged Mrs. Purple, seating herself and folding her hands across her waist complacently. "They can't a one of 'em hold a candle to Maybelle, if I do say it myself," she added proudly.

"Oh, mother!"

Maybelle sat down and her eyelids fell over her eyes; her face burned crimson.

"Well, they can't! An' the best of it is"—Mrs. Purple turned to Mrs. Herb again—"she's as good as she's pretty. She ain't got a fault, an' she never done a wrong thing in her life. Smell that mignonette?" she added, suddenly turning toward the open window. "Congressman Smith, he sent me the seed from Washington. Fine—my-O! You can smell it to the cow-butter store in the next block. He sent nasturtiums, an' sweet-williams, an' sweet-peas, an' sunflowers. He's awful clever. I never see his beat!" She turned from the window. The beam dwindled out of her eyes. "An' then, me with a girl like Maybelle an' a son like Herbert, you set there an' want I should uphold a girl that acts up the way that M'liss Dement does!"

Mrs. Herb put back her thin shoulders and drew herself up.

"She don't act up so now," she said apologetically.

"Well, she did once," Mrs. Purple said, drumming the table with her fingers. "I don't know what she does or what she don't do now. But I do know that I'll fight her comin' into the church, tooth an' toe-nail. I never see the sense myself of livin' decent an' doin' decent—an' then havin' people that's cut up all kind of capers set up on a level with you. Well, will you look at there? Will you just look at there?"

She pointed with a bony finger out of the window. A young woman was coming down the street. She was tall and of splendid figure. A wealth of blond hair was twisted around her head. She carried herself with a proud and swinging stride. She wore a black dress, made with a long train. This she was holding up with both hands. Suddenly she observed the three faces in the window. Instantly her head went up. As she turned across the street, defiantly facing them, she flung her train to its full length with a grand flourish and swept across, the dust trailing in a great cloud behind her.

"It's that M'liss Dement!" announced Mrs. Purple, drawing in her breath. "The impudent heifer! Seems to me you said she wa'n't actin' up any more. I'd like to know what you call that."

As the three women stood grouped close to the window, peering with narrowed eyes, the girl took another look at them. Her handsome brown eyes fairly blazed out a red fire. There was a water hydrant on the corner, and as she approached it she flung one foot with a flourish to the very top of it, and calmly tied her shoe in the faces of her scandalized observers. She tied it slowly, untied it, and tied it again, displaying a generous length of well-filled hose. Finally she pushed the ends of the laces down into her shoe, and, setting her foot upon the sidewalk with an audacious fling, she sailed on by, her train sweeping the dust behind her.

Mrs. Purple drew back from the window and sat down, drawing in her breath hard through close-set lips.

"Maybelle," she said sternly, "listen here. I don't ever want to hear tell of your so much as speakin' to that M'liss Dement again."

Maybelle did not reply. Her face was pale and scared looking.

"You hear?" demanded her mother.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, see you mind. I don't care if she does live in the same block. I don't care if you did play with her all your life. Mis' Herb is goin' to stay to tea. You can be buildin' a fire 'n the kitchen stove. Stir up a warm sponge cake an' make some rhubarb sauce. You like rhubarb sauce, don't you, Mis' Herb?" she added, with a polite afterthought. "An' then fry the chicken an' cream the potatoes—an' I guess you'd better step spry. Mis' Herb an' I are goin' to a mothers' meetin' after tea."

At eight o'clock that evening the mothers of the church were sitting solemnly around the sides of the church parlor. Mrs. Purple was the most important woman in the town, and she held herself with a great air. She sat erect. Her hands were folded in her lap; her chin was high and was set in determined folds. She was the only woman present in a silk dress and kid gloves. The handkerchief tucked in her belt was bordered with real lace, too.

When the last "mother" had entered and sunk hastily into her chair, there was an ominous silence. Invisible lightning seemed to be darting around the room, sending little shocks, half pleasant and half terrible, from one solemn-faced woman to another.

Presently, in a shadowy corner, Mrs. Eaton arose. Her face was pale and her voice shook as she began speaking.

"Sisters," said she, "we've met here to-night to talk over in a friendly spirit takin' M'liss Dement into the church. There's some of us for it an' some of us agen it. I'm for it myself. I think she's sorry for all she's done an' wants to do better. She thinks the church'll help her, an' I think the church had ought to help her."

She sat down and Mrs. Purple stood up.

"All is," she began in a deep voice, "I just want to know if the church is for God-fearin', decent people—or is it for riff-raff?"

She sat down, breathing heavily. There was silence, save for much clearing of throats. It was almost like a bronchial epidemic. Then Mrs. Eaton spoke without rising.

"I think the church is for everybody that



"She said I must go away and grow to be a good man"

does right," she said, and her voice was steadier, "an' for everybody that wants to get started to doin' right."

"I don't agree with you," said Mrs. Purple in a cold way that had its effect. "I don't want to see any church / belong to desecrated with riff-raff. If that M'liss Dement isn't riff-raff I don't know riff-raff when I see it."

A new "mother" stood up. She had never spoken in meeting, and now at the sound of her own voice the blood rushed away from her face, her knees trembled, and she swayed to and fro like a lily in a storm.

"May I ask," she said, in a thin, piping voice, "what her particular sin was?"

She gave a final sway and sank limply into her chair.

The funny Mrs. Deacon Lark—of whom it was said that she would like as not laugh at her mother's funeral, she laughed so at nothing—tittered right out in meeting.

"I've heard tell of original sin," she spoke up, "but I never did hear tell of particular sin. Now I'm particular about my housework and my clothes, and so the next time I have a sin I'm going to have a particular sin. I'm not sure but I'll have an especial sin."

Several mothers smiled; but one glance at Mrs. Purple's face froze the smiles on their lips.

"This is no picnic," she said sternly, and every hair on her chin seemed to stand out straight.

"No, it's more like a funeral!" tittered back the irrepressible Mrs. Lark. "But it isn't my funeral. 'Tis poor M'liss Dement's. When I have a funeral I'll have a particular one."

No one answered the new mother's question aloud, but her nearest neighbor whispered to her and both women flushed scarlet.

Mrs. Eaton arose again. She held fast with both hands to the back of a chair, but there was more determination in her manner.

"Maybe some of you don't know," she said, "what a hard life M'liss Dement has had. So I'll tell you. She's never had any chance. Her mother was a good, but coarse woman. She swore every other word she spoke. She swore just like a horse eats hay—without knowin' she did it. Nobody associated with her. M'liss's father is just a low, drunken bum. Since Mrs. Dement died an' M'liss has been growin' up, nobody has let their daughters or sons associate with her, although"—she looked full at Mrs. Purple—"they used to let 'em play with her when they was all little together. M'liss got to talkin' rough, like her mother, an' after her mother died she took to bleachin' her hair an' paintin' her face, an' havin' young men sittin' on the steps with her late at night. Now it seems to me that us mothers neglected our duties there an' then. We might have talked to her, an' been kind to her, an' argyried her out of it, instead of settin' ourselves up on Liberty statues. Some of us hold our chins so high we just about think we're Lord A'mighty himself."

Mrs. Purple's chin went an inch higher.

"Some of us have a right to hold our chins high," she announced in a deep bass. "People who live right an' do right ain't no call to duck their chins down in front."



The child was making straight for Mrs. Purple

"Holding your chin high gives you more than one chin," piped up Mrs. Lark.

Mrs. Purple gave her a look.

"You can rub your extra chins away, though," persisted Mrs. Lark, returning the look undaunted, "if you do this."

She made swift passes under her chin with the palm of her hand to the right and to the left.

"I remember," continued Mrs. Eaton, not noticing the interruption, "one night, a year or so ago, Mrs. Purple's son Herbert was standing at the gate talking to M'liss 'long about dusk, and, my land! Mrs. Purple come running out an' called him as if he was stealing. I think, says I, well, poor M'liss *has* to take up with the low-down because the decent ain't allowed to so much as pass the time o' day with her."

Mrs. Purple stood up and the very atmosphere seemed to tremble. "Them that have no young men sons," she said in her deepest voice, "can talk. Them that have young men sons like my young man son'll take care o' 'em. Herbert never done a wrong act in his life. He never drank a drop, nor played a card, nor smoked a cigar, nor run around with onery girls. He's as near perfect as God makes 'em; an' I don't propose to have no M'liss Dement in the church, like a snake in the grass, pretendin' to repent-up her sins an' do better—just so's she'll get a chance at our sons! Herbert's away in college, studyin' to be a minister; but he's comin' home soon, an' while I ain't afraid of his nothin' M'liss Dement *now*, with all the disgrace she's piled on herself, still I don't want such persons in my church with a young man son around." Mrs. Purple was growing more excited; her face was a dull crimson and she was breathing heavily. "If M'liss Dement wants to come into this church, let her confess-up. Let her tell us the name of the father of her child! That's what we want to know."

"Oh, my!" cried Mrs. Lark, throwing her hand over her face and peering through her fingers in a shocked way. "See me blush!"

Mrs. Eaton cleared her throat.

"Well, now," said she deliberately, "the finest thing I know about M'liss is just that—that she won't tell. There's something fine in a girl that takes a thing like that all on herself, and won't tell on the man."

"I'd like to give the man a skimmity-ride!" cried Mrs. Lark. "I'd go along and whip the donkey to make it go on a trot."

"No girl ever went through such disgrace as M'liss has been through," went on Mrs. Eaton. "All we could find out was that she had a child. We couldn't get a word out of her. She cried day an' night, till some of us felt sorry for her and turned over every stun to get her to tell who the man was. We told her we'd make him marry her, an' then we'd overlook it—"

"I'll tell you what!" cried Mrs. Lark. "Let's appoint a committee of three to go and ask her once more. We'll give her one more chance. It'll work just like heads an' tails. If she tells, she's in; if she won't tell, she's out. I'll suggest Mrs. Purple and Mrs. Eaton and"—she spread her hand modestly over her heart—"me. We'll be a committee to make fur fly."

There was a general murmur of approval, and a stirring of relief among the mothers.

"I'm willing," said Mrs. Eaton.

There was quite a silence. Then Mrs. Purple said: "Well, I'm willing, too. But first I feel it my duty to tell you all that I see M'liss Dement do a sinful thing this very day. Mis' Herb, see it, too, with her own eyes, an' my innocent Maybelle, as chaste as the snow, she see it, too. It proves that M'liss Dement ain't repented-up very fast."

"What did you see her do?" cried the new mother, unable to restrain her emotions longer.

"I see her kick clear over the hydrant on the corner by my house."

There was another silence—a longer one. Then Mrs. Lark burst into a wild peal of laughter.

"I'd like to see her do it! I'm a high kicker myself. I can kick the electric-light bulb in our sitting-room every time I try. I kicked a stick of wood off the deacon's shoulder one day. I slipped and fell and hit my head on the doorknob. It took three doctors to bring me to—"

"It's all settled then," said Mrs. Purple, firmly interrupting. "You ladies can call at my house at two to-morrow afternoon. But I'll say right here an' now, that when that M'liss Dement comes into this church, I an' my pocketbook go out."

At that the face of the minister's wife, who had taken no part in the discussion, grew long.

Mrs. Lark looked back over her shoulder at Mrs. Purple. "You'd ought to be a railroad company!" she said flippantly. "My, oh, me! I like human nature! I tell you, I could have human nature for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and never get enough of it."

M'liss Dement lived in a little four-room house in an old orchard. There was a general air of neglect and shiftlessness about the whole place. The paint was all peeling off the house, showing different colors underneath. The fence was so rotten that it seemed to go around the orchard in undulations. The leaves of the trees were curled tightly and eaten by aphides. The grass had never been cut. It grew tall and rank on both sides of the narrow, crooked path leading to the front door.

"I expect it'll take all of us to get this gate open," complained Mrs. Purple. "It sags so."

"The hinge is broken in two," said Mrs. Lark, who was unusually quiet.

"I never saw a place go all to rack so," said Mrs. Purple.

"Well, what can you expect?" asked Mrs. Eaton. "M'liss can't keep it up. Her father's drunk all the time, an' she can't hire it done. I guess she has enough to do without fixin' hinges."

"Hunh," said Mrs. Purple. After a moment she added: "I'd think she could fix a hinge on a gate."

"Well, maybe she could, if she don't have too much M'liss's Child—"

else to do. Maybe she don't have the heart to fix up things. I've noticed that when folks get down an' other folks stand all over 'em with both feet to keep 'em down, they ain't got much heart to slave an' fix up things. I've noticed—"

She stopped abruptly. The three women stood still. They had turned a bend in the path, and there under an old apple tree sat M'liss, deep in the grass. She wore a gingham dress, open at the neck. Her blond hair had been recently washed and shone like gold in the sun. In her arms was a child about a year old. He was trying to catch the tossing locks of her hair, and shrieked with delight when he succeeded.

Mrs. Purple could scarcely breathe for amazement. The look of love and tenderness on the girl's face was a revelation. The child reached up and patted her cheek; she stooped quickly and burst into tears as she pressed him to her and kissed him passionately.

The next moment, straight through her tears, she saw the three women.

She stood up slowly. The child saw them and toddled to them through the tangled grass. They saw that he was very beautiful. He had large dark eyes and dark curls. He looked sweet and well cared for. He was making straight for Mrs. Purple, clutching a dandelion in his hand.

M'liss stood like a statue; her arms hung down at her sides. Her face had grown very white, but her eyes were steady.

"What do you want?" she asked, looking straight at Mrs. Purple. But for once Mrs. Purple did not reply. Mrs. Eaton took two or three steps forward.



His mother uttered a hoarse cry

"Why, M'liss—" she began kindly, but the girl lifted her hand impatiently.

"I asked Mrs. Purple what she wants here, and she's got to answer or go."

The child began pulling at Mrs. Purple's dress, offering her the flower. "Dan'yine—dan'yine," he kept saying, but she paid no attention.

"Well, M'liss Dement," she said slowly and sternly, "we're a committee of mothers come to ask you once more to tell who's the father of your child."

A scarlet stain went across the girl's face, as though it had followed the blow of a hand. The tears seemed to still stand, frozen, in her eyes.

"What's that to you?" she demanded defiantly. "I'm his mother. I've never denied it. I've never hid it or cast it off on somebody else. I take good care of it, and own it right out to the whole world. What's it to you who it's father is?"

"You've been wantin' to come into the church," said Mrs. Purple in a cold way. "We had a mothers' meetin' about it. I'm agen takin' you in unless you tell who its father is. That's what it is to us. You tell, an' maybe we'll take you in; you don't tell, an' you can stay out."

There was a long silence; then the girl spoke slowly but passionately.

"Lord God Almighty," she said, and it didn't sound like an oath, even to Mrs. Purple; it sounded more like a prayer. "If the church is made up of people like this, I'll stay out. Now, you listen here. I've got some things to say, and then you can go; and if you ever come here again on such an errand I'll turn the dog loose. Now listen here. You all know just how much

chance I've had alongside of other girls. You let your daughters play with me while we were little, but as we grew up you weaned them away from me, one by one, and I felt more and more alone. After my mother died I got desperate—here alone day after day, father drunk. I went to acting wild and impudent, as if I didn't care"—she burst out suddenly into a kind of terrible laughter—"flinging my foot up on top of hydrants and that kind of thing, just to dar' you and tantalize you and egg you on, but"—her face grew as suddenly serious—"it never did me any good. I was always ashamed and sorry; but I couldn't come to you and say I was sorry, like other girls can. You'd only have sneered at me and asked me where I got my baby at and who its father was. So all I could do, after I'd showed up smart-Ellic like, was to come home and go to bed and hold the baby in my arms and cry all night—and envy my poor mother up there on the hill. You *good* women"—her tone was fierce with bitter scorn—"you never think that girls like me have any feelings or any remorse. You think we go to the bad with our eyes open, knowing what we're going into and not caring. You don't know how easy it is to go in, step by step, never realizing till it's too late. We don't have love and tenderness, like—well, like Maybelle, say"—her voice broke—"and when some man, that oughtn't to, speaks kind and gentle to us and acts as if he cared for us, we're so starved for that kind of thing that it just seems like heaven, and then the next thing we know it's too late. We're bad, without ever meaning to be bad, and you *good* women, you set your feet on us and you won't ever give us another chance to get up and be somebody again."

There was a silence; then Mrs. Purple said, in a tone that surprised even herself: "We're givin' you a chance now."

"Yes," said M'liss, wearily, "but what kind of a chance? You come here and act as if you was handling a boa constrictor with a pair of tongs. You make me feel like a devil in the bottomless pit, instead of a human being with a soul that might be saved by kindness. If my mother was alive, or even if my father was ever sober, I might stand it; but for a year it's been—well, it's been—a cold perspiration started out on her face and she wiped it off with her sleeve—just hell. Just that. Awake or asleep, day or night, just that. For a year I ain't thought of a thing except what to do for the child, and how to bear the shame. Night after night I've prayed to God to make me kind and gentle, and then the minute I'd see anybody look at me cold and sneery, and draw their skirts up when they passed me, that minute I'd fly all to pieces and seem to go crazy. I'd fling up my head and go strutting, and maybe I'd burst out whistling 'Yankee Doodle' right in their faces. That day I saw you all peering out the window"—she looked at Mrs. Purple—"I'd have gone shrieking crazy if I couldn't have flung my foot to the top of that hydrant to shock you. It eased up my nerves. But I came home and cried myself sick. Father happened to be sober when I come in, and he said: 'Daughter, I've bought some lylocks to take out to your mother's grave.' That finished me." . . . The child had found Mrs. Purple's hand and locked his chubby fingers around one of hers. . . . "Hunh! Tch, tch," she muttered, looking down at him grimly. He crowed with delight and good fellowship.

"But with all I was so wild and lawless," went on M'liss steadily, "I never done any real wrong but once. I didn't lead any young man into wrong, and he didn't lead me into wrong. Thank God, I've never felt low enough, in all I've suffered for it, to blame him. He didn't mean to do wrong any more 'an I did."

"Then why don't he marry you?" asked Mrs. Purple, breathing deeply but silently.

A dull red went across the girl's face.

"Yes, why?" she said bitterly. "Because he belongs to a good family—a family with no drunkards or coarse oaths in it; with daughters that don't paint and bleach their hair, and fling their feet to the tops of water hydrants."

"You could stop all that," spoke up, for the first time, the strangely subdued Mrs. Lark.

"Yes," said M'liss, giving her a brief look, "but his family'd throw it in my teeth to the last day of my life. I guess I know."

There was a silence. No one contradicted her.

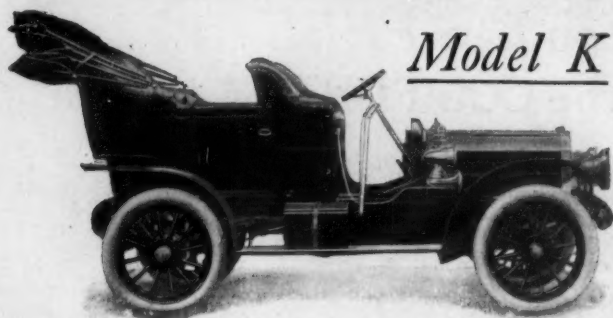
Suddenly she burst out wildly: "Oh, you *good* women! If you have any feelings I wonder where you keep 'em! Can't you put yourself in my place? Can't you see how terrible sweet sin can look before you get into it? And how awful afterward? Can't you guess what it is to go along the street and have people you've known all your life look the other way, or else stare you in the face so cold and hard that you nearly go mad with despair? To see men grin, or women run and peer out the windows at you with shocked faces? To have little children draw away and stare curiously at you, whispering among themselves, knowing you're different from other women? Can't you guess any of these things—and have more pity?"

She was sobbing now convulsively. Mrs. Eaton was weeping in sympathy, and there were tears in Mrs. Lark's eyes. As for Mrs. Purple—Mrs. Lark declared afterward that she "just stood there lookin' every which way for Sunday." But even Mrs. Eaton dared not approach the girl with any offer of tenderness; there was something lone and terrible in her grief that forbade it.

She controlled herself as suddenly as she had given way.

"It seemed as if I just couldn't go on like this any longer, as if there'd got to be a change one way or the other. In spite of all you think about me, I'm not naturally bad, and I just couldn't go down lower. I wanted to get a start the other way, for my own sake and the child's. So I thought if I'd join the church, you'd believe in me and help me up, and maybe learn to respect me by the time the child grows up. And

(Continued on page 21)



Model K

The Self-starting WINTON

NO more "cranking!" Start the Car from where you comfortably sit. You can do it now with the new Winton Model K. Just move the Ignition Dial-Lever a trifle, on top of Steering Wheel. That finds one of the four cylinders ready charged with Gas, and will Spark it into action without "cranking." You thus save dignity and temper. You also save gasoline and electricity. Because you can now shut off the motor every time you stop, and start it again when ready, from the seat. This saves the motor from a lot of needless running when Car is standing still, waiting for something or somebody. And a dainty Woman may now drive a Winton, without the inelegant necessity of "cranking" it at every stop.

But, think what this self-starting quality in a Winton Car proves for the Car Construction. It proves almost perfect compression of Gas in the cylinders. Because, you couldn't start the motor with an electric spark, unless there was gas in a cylinder retained there since the motor last ran, under high compression. Any flaw in the boring of the cylinder, or in the seating and fitting of the piston and its rings, would let the gas leak out shortly after compression if not "fired" at once. This is where the Winton system of grinding the inside of cylinders, instead of boring them, shows its great advantage. In boring a cylinder, the thin walls are likely to spring away from the auger, or boring tool, wherever there is a hard spot in the metal. This portion, when it "springs back" again, after the tool has been withdrawn, leaves a permanent elevation, or friction spot, for the piston to chafe against, with a leaky place on either side of it to lose compression. And, wherever there is a softer spot in the cylinder metal, the tool bores through that too easily, with less expansive pressure on that part of the wall than on surrounding places. That creates a sort of depression in the wall of the cylinder, which lets gas escape past the piston.

But with grinding it is different. Grinding out a cylinder brings no expansive pressure on its walls. Because, instead of an auger that fills the whole interior of the cylinder, as in boring, the grinding is done by a small Emery or Carborundum wheel that revolves on a revolving arm, but in an opposite direction to that arm. This small grinding wheel thus follows the inside wall of cylinder, and cuts away the steel with Emery, in an absolutely true circle. It also leaves behind it a perfectly smooth, non-friction, mirror surface, instead of the coarse, wiry surface left by boring. Every Model K Winton Cylinder is ground six to twelve times with a Carborundum wheel in this painstaking and effective way.

That is why Model K Winton Cylinders hold the gas under high compression over night, so that the motor can be started from seat in the morning without cranking. And a Motor that will hold its compression like this, clearly utilizes all the efficiency of the cylinders, and of the gasoline, electricity, and lubrication used. A cylinder that won't hold its compression is like a leaky pail that you keep pouring gasoline into, but can't keep full, and gasoline costs money.

The cylinders of a cheap Car can't be ground, and so must be bored instead. Because, cheap cylinders are made of comparatively soft metal. The grains of Emery used in grinding would sink into that soft metal, and become imbedded there. Then these grains would cut lengthwise grooves into the piston, when it worked up and down, so the gas would escape instead of being properly compressed. But, Winton Cylinders and Winton Pistons are made of metal so hard, and so close textured, that even Emery could not become imbedded in it. And Winton grinding leaves these diamond-hard cylinder walls in an absolutely "true" and smooth-as-glass condition, which eliminates friction, heat, and lost compression. The self-starting, and retained-compression, proves this beyond question. All Pistons, Piston-rings, Crank-shafts, Valves, Universal Couplings, and Transmission Shafts are also ground, like the cylinders, on the new Winton Model K. The result is maximum efficiency of power from Motor to Driving Wheels, much longer life to the Car, and great economy of Lubrication, Gasoline, and Repair.

The New Winton Model K has—
—A Vertical 4 cylinder Motor, which is instantly accessible.
—Flexible Pneumatic Speed-Control which gives a speed range of from 4 miles an hour to 30 miles an hour, by the mere pressure of foot on a soft spring pedal, and without touching a lever.
—Winton Twin-springs that adjust themselves to light loads, or heavy loads, on rough or smooth roads, and add length of life to the tires by taking all the hard bouncing off them.
—Big Tires, 34-inch by 4-inch.
—Powerful Brakes—3 of them—made with 25 per cent larger contact surfaces than last year.
—Luxurious tonneau, roomy, springs, and upholstered superbly, with many little comfort features.
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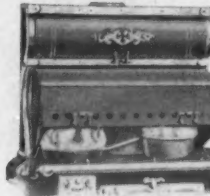
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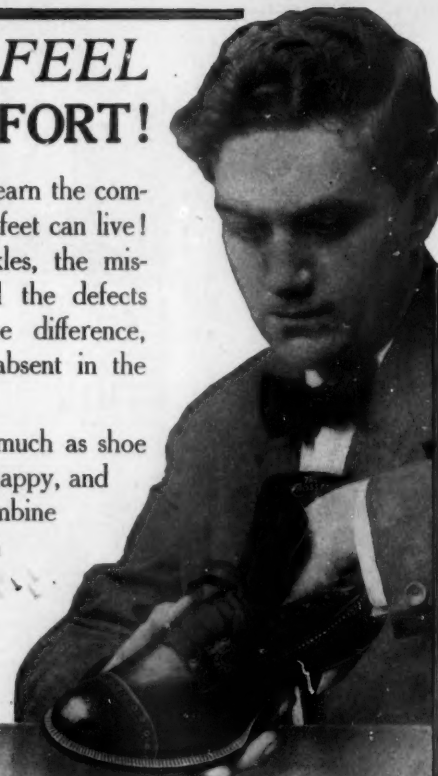
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M'LISS'S CHILD

(Continued from page 18)

what is the first thing the church does? It turns around and asks me to do the lowest thing I could do, before it'll take me in. As if it wasn't enough for my life to be ruined, without ruining the life of a young man, too!"

Mrs. Purple's face flushed darkly.

"It's not for the likes of you to criticise the church," she said sternly. "I guess, when all's said and done, the young man don't belong to such a terrible fine family. Terrible fine families don't raise sons that get girls into trouble and then desert 'em. They—"

M'liiss put up her hand with a compelling gesture.

"I told you once he didn't get me into trouble. He wasn't to blame. And what's more, if it'll ease you any, seeing you're bursting with curiosity, I'll tell you this much: he doesn't know there is a child."

"My Lord!" said Mrs. Lark. Then there was a silence.

It was broken by M'liiss.

"Now, I've told you everything there is to tell about myself. But I want to tell you"—she looked full into Mrs. Purple's eyes—"that, bad as I am, outcast that I am, I wouldn't change places with you, riding around in your carriage, holding your chin up and lording it over all creation! I'm glad you've come here. It's going to help me bear my life. It makes me see things different. I wouldn't swap my chance of heaven, church or no church, for yours! I never harmed anybody but myself. Till this minute, I never judged anybody but myself. I never belonged to a church and then slandered that church by asking people to do lower, meaner things to get into it than they'd ever done in all their lives before. Having one woman like you in a church hurts the church more'n all your old pocketbook helps it. You needn't have me up in your mothers' meetings again—tearing me to pieces! I wouldn't be in your old church while you're in it! So there! You can put that in your old sanctimonious pipe and smoke it."

She caught the child up in her arms and went sweeping away, with the air of an outraged queen, through the long grass to the house.

It was a pleasant afternoon a month later. Mrs. Herb had run in to see Mrs. Purple. The two ladies were in the sitting-room, darkened to keep the heat and the flies out. Mrs. Purple was working at Battenberg lace for a side-board cover. She held it close to her face, wrinkling up her eyes as she worked.

"I don't see what keeps Maybelle so," she said. "She's taken to slyin' off in the orchard with a book every day lately. If I always had my drethers, though, I'd drether she'd spend her time that way than runnin' around. Some girls traipse so. She's a perfectly avicious reader. Some girls are common an' associate with everybody. Maybelle's seclusive."

"She's certainly the nicest girl I know," said Mrs. Herb cordially. "Is the bishop comin' to dinner to-night?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Purple loftily. "He always comes to our house to dinner. Congressman Smith, he comes, too, when he's in town. If he don't go nowhere else, Mr. Purple, he always brings him here."

Mrs. Herb wiped her glasses.

"I declare, my eyes are gettin' so! There's a new eye oculist in town. I'm goin' to see him."

"I want to know," said Mrs. Purple, polite but uninterested. "Oh, here's Maybelle. W'y, you look as peakid! Where you been?"

Maybelle was indeed pale.

"Out in the orchard," she said faintly. She laid a book on the table and turned away.

"You shouldn't read so. Your eyes are all swelled up. You look as if you'd been cryin'. Is the dining-room all red up?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, then, you can make a tapiocy puddin'. Get the collofflower an' the sparrowgrass ready to put on. Your pa'll have a duck-fit if dinner ain't on time when the bishop's here."

"He's just that way, too," smiled Mrs. Herb. "I guess they all are, when it comes to that. He tews if breakfast's a minute late."

"That's the way. Oh, Maybelle! I had a letter from Herbert. He'll be home to-night or to-morrow mornin'. Is his room ready?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Maybelle's eyes burned a long searching look out of her pale face at her mother. Then she went out of the room.

Mrs. Herb was tating. She fidgeted about in her chair. Twice she cleared her throat to speak, but each time her courage failed. She sat making swift, regular jabs into her left hand with her shuttle.

Suddenly she spoke; her voice seemed to leap right out of the middle of her throat.

"I suppose you know about M'liiss?"

Mrs. Purple spoiled a stitch. Her brows drew into a scowl. "What about her?" she asked in a cold way.

"W'y, she's awful sick."

"Hunh."

"She's been sick a week."

"Hunh."

"They don't think now she'll live."

Mrs. Purple spoiled another stitch.

"Mis' Eaton goes in every forenoon, an' I go in every evenin'; an' her father's sobered up an' stays right with her. It's turned out to be appendiktis."

"Hunh."

"It's pitiful to see her. She will have the baby right on the bed, an' holds his hand against her lips all the time. The little fellow just worships her, an' won't be satisfied a minute away from her except to eat. She knows she's goin' to die, an' she just moans to God day an' night, to know what'll become of her baby."

Mrs. Herb knew she was on a dangerous subject. Since the committee of mothers had called on M'liiss, no one had dared to mention her name to Mrs. Purple; so what her thoughts were on the subject no one knew.

She held her chin higher than ever, and swept into church with the haughty pride of a duchess, to sit with stiff, level shoulders through the sermon. She never sagged down to one side or the other like the frivolous Mrs. Lark, who was constantly resting her cheek on her hand. She was always a deacon's wife, the entertainer of Congressman Smith, and the first lady of the town. She was the chief patroness of the Children's Home, the Normal School, the Library, the Hospital, and the Asylum for the Blind.

Mrs. Herb took heart from the silence. "I never was so sorry for anybody. 'What'll become of my boy?' she wails over an' over; she's getting fainter now. 'I don't care what becomes of me; but what'll become of my boy?' You know how a voice sounds when it gets death in it? Well, I can hear her all night long, moanin', 'What'll become of my boy?' If I didn't have so many children I'd take him myself."

"Nice stock," said Mrs. Purple sternly. Her face had a gray look.

"Well, it's bad on her side, but I guess the father must be of good family. I never saw a finer boy. Handsome—my-O! An' sweet disposition. Mis' Eaton has children an' a sick mother on her hands, or she'd take him."

Mrs. Herb was so frightened now at her own audacity that the shuttle was fairly flying under and over the thread.

"I hope Maybelle gets a good 'do' on that puddin'," said Mrs. Purple calmly. "If it's bad her pa'll be able to step on his own chin."

"Is that so? That fly-away Mis' Lark would of took him in a minute; but Lark, he set that big foot of his down. Mule!"



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M'LISS'S CHILD

(Continued from page 21)

"Herbert graduated at the head of his class," announced Mrs. Purple. She never bent her proud and stubborn old head over her work. When she could not see, she held the work higher. She lifted it higher now.

"They're makin' a terrible fuss over him. The head professor, he says Herbert'll make his mark in the world. They talk about my holdin' my chin so high. I've good call to, I guess. Children like my children don't grow on trees, so's you can walk along an' pick 'em off. They come from generations of right-livin' people. There's never been any disgrace in my family—clear back."

"Tap wood," said Mrs. Herb briefly.

"Aigh?"

"Tap wood."

"What say?"

"I say tap wood. W'y, when you brag, if you don't tap wood, it'll happen the other way. Some of your folks 'u'd turn right around an' disgrace you. You'd best tap wood."

"I'm no dumb loon," said Mrs. Purple. "I don't have to tap wood to keep my folks from disgracin' me. I ain't afraid."

"Well," said Mrs. Herb, sighing, "I reckon I'm a dumb loon. I tap wood every time I brag. An' if I held my chin as high as you hold your'n, I don't know but I'd carry a stick o' wood around with me an' beat a regular tattoo on it all the time. As I was sayin', M'liiss can't bear to think o' the Children's Home. She just moans to God for some good Christian family to take him an' bring him up right."

"Hunh."

"Well, I'll have to goin'. I've set quite a spell. I've felt to enjoy it. I've felt to enjoy havin' you," said Mrs. Purple, rising with cold and formal politeness. "You must run in again."

"I will so."

When Mrs. Herb was gone, Mrs. Purple stood for some time looking out the window with unseeing eyes.

She had laid down her Battenberg lace and stood with one hand resting heavily on a chair; with the other she slowly stroked her chin.

"I don't know what it is to me, anyhow," she said at last, drawing a deep breath. "I can't waste my time on a trollop like her."

All at once she seemed to feel the clasp of a soft baby-hand around her fingers. She looked down at her hand in a startled way.

"He was awful sweet," she said reluctantly. "An' he's the only child that ever did come to me, as if he'd took a notion to me." Then her face hardened. "There's no call for me to think about it," she said, going toward the kitchen. "I've got dinners to get for bishops."

At nine o'clock that night Mrs. Purple sat in the seldom-used parlor, awaiting her son. Mr. Purple had gone to meeting with the bishop. She sat in state, the lights turned low, her hands folded in her lap. Maybelle had gone down to the gate to meet her brother.

It seemed a long time after the train whistled before Mrs. Purple heard them coming. When she finally heard them in the hall, it seemed strange that they were not talking. Then she heard her son's step coming alone to her door. It was slow and dragging, and before the door opened she knew that something was wrong.

She leaned rigidly forward in her chair, grasping its arms with both stiff hands, but unconsciously holding her head as high as ever.

At sight of his face something seemed to clutch her heart. A grayness flashed over her face, making her look years older. It brought out every wrinkle in the dim light. She tried to get up, but something held her to her chair. "Herbert!" she gasped out. "Oh, my son, my son! What is it? What's happened?"

She had expected to have him come home so proud and handsome; his head up, with a springing step and the exultant look of success. She had pictured him over and over in her mind.

But here he was staggering across the room to her, his face wild and convulsed with suffering, a cry of horror bursting from him. He flung himself upon his knees—he, her pride, her joy, the light of her hard old heart!—and buried his face in her lap.

"Oh, mother, mother, mother! What shall I do? What can I do? To come home to you like this! In such shame, such disgrace, such agony! And I never knew—I never knew!"

"What are you talkin' about, Herbert Purple? Answer up. Who dar's to mention shame and disgrace in the same breath with a Purple? If it's debts, I'll pay 'em, if your father won't. If it's college pranks—"

"Oh, God help me! It's a debt that can never be paid. To think what she must have suffered for nearly two years—and never a word from her! Maybelle knew it all the time; she made Maybelle promise she'd never tell. She wouldn't have told me now if there was any hope. But it's too late, too late!" he burst out wildly. "While I was graduating and having honors heaped on me, she was lying there, dying, disgraced, dishonored."

"Herbert Purple!" cried out his mother, and as long as he lived he never forgot her voice; he felt her rising up from her chair powerfully, as if by no will of her own; a violent trembling had seized her. It seemed as if her words shook against her teeth. "Who are you talkin' about? If you mention Maybelle an' shame in the same breath—"

"Oh, mother! As long as Maybelle lives, as long as you live, we will never any of us get away from shame again—and all through me! Oh, how can I bear it? How can we all bear it? Wretch that I am, to even think of myself while poor M'liiss—"

His mother uttered a hoarse cry that was like the cry of an animal in torture.

"The child is mine. Oh, mother, I never knew there was one! Yet I did want to do what I could. I wanted to marry her before I went away—I begged her to marry me—it seemed the only thing that could make me hold up my head again—but she wouldn't; for your sake and Maybelle's she wouldn't. She said it wasn't my fault any more than hers; that we were so young we'd live it down, and it would be a lesson to us forever—she tried to comfort me, mother, and make it easy for me. She said I must go away and study, and put it behind me, and grow to be a good man, so God would forgive us and would forget it. M'liiss Dement, the drunkard's daughter, talked that way to me, mother, to your son. And it did help me. I went away and worked hard and prayed to be forgiven, and I did outgrow it, and feel that God was forgiving me and blessing me in my work—and all the time there was a child, and I never knew! She wouldn't tell. She bore the shame for both of us! She was an outcast—disgraced, deserted, trodden upon. While I was going higher she was sinking lower. Maybelle says she tried at last to get into the church—the church to which my life is dedicated!—and they wouldn't let her in—while I—oh, I shall go mad with thinking of it! A lifetime's service to God will not pay the debt to her; will not atone for what she has suffered through me—alone, motherless, cast off!"

He ceased, conscious, of a sudden, of the convulsive shuddering of his mother's whole body. She was standing; and he, too, got to his feet, releasing her shaking, unresponsive hand, and faced her. He looked once, and once only, into her eyes. The supreme anguish written upon her proud old face was more than he could bear. He bowed his head and stood before her dumb.

Through the early June dawn Mrs. Purple came out of her home and went through the orchard to the house where M'liiss lay dying. The air was sweet

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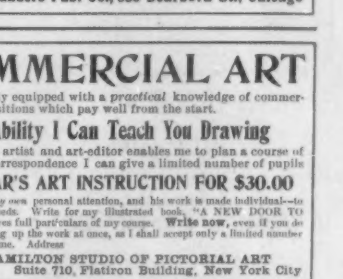
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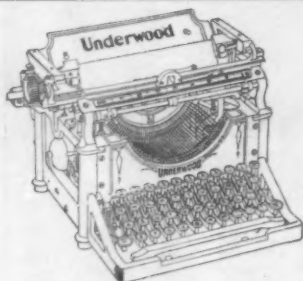
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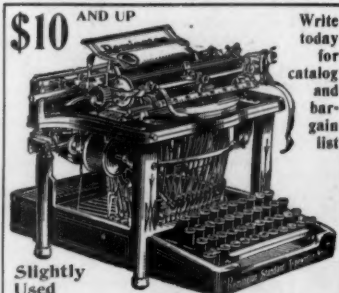
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Special offer absolutely new Visible Sheet machines, built to sell for \$100—our price while they last, \$60.

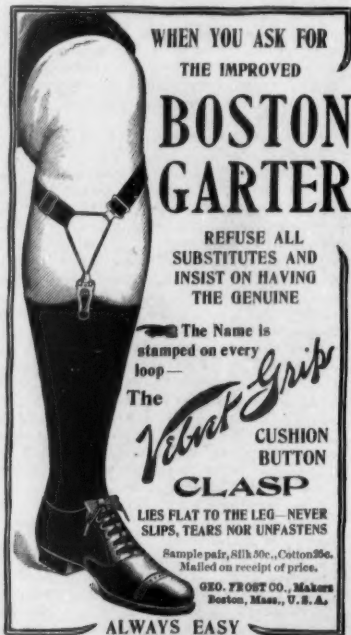
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We rent all makes of machines at \$10 a month and up.

FREE Send today for our big catalog list of rare typewriter bargains. Don't buy until you see it. Write today before our big clearing sale closes. Special offer to agents.

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ROCKWELL-BARNES COMPANY
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WHEN YOU ASK FOR THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES AND INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE

The Name is stamped on every loop—

The **Velvet Grip**

CUSHION BUTTON

CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, \$10.00, Cotton 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

ALWAYS EASY

M'LISS'S CHILD

(Continued from page 23)

with all sweet, blowing things, and musical with the song of birds. The pale-green foliage floated above and about her. Cherries hung scarlet from the trees, and currants in rich ruby globes from their vines; early apples were yellowing among their leaves, and the indescribable fragrance of strawberries mingled with the breath of old-fashioned flowers. But Mrs. Purple saw none of the beauty, heard none of the melody, smelled none of the sweet. She was an old, broken-down woman. She had lived—somehow—through a night of such suffering as she had never dreamed could be for her. She had never had much sympathy for people who suffer. "Let 'em do what's right an' they won't have to suffer!" had ever been her hard thought. She had kept her head high; she had held herself aloof from wrong-doers, judging them without mercy and crushing them with scorn.

For the first time her own head was low. It was bowed with shame. It seemed to her that the very path she trod was red with shame. Along this same path her son's feet had gone on their way to ruin; her daughter's, on their secret missions of the mercy and charity that had never been in her mother's heart.

The old woman saw everything clearly at last. She had not been spared one torturing thought, one remembrance of her own hardness and pride. Every denunciation of sin and sinners she had ever uttered, every sneer at shame, every bitter judgment, had come back to her in the long hours of the night. God's message had come to her as she deserved—without mercy; had written itself through her consciousness with a kind of exquisite torture. In the pitiless searchlight turned upon her heart she had read all the truth there.

Her head was low and her heart was broken; but she was a better woman than she had ever been before.

The dying girl shrank at sight of her, but only for a moment. Her first look at the face on the pillow, gray and drawn with physical suffering and with such mental torture as she herself was passing through, broke down the last remnant of the old woman's pride. Great tears came slowly to her eyes and filled them full; they stood there for a moment, cold and blinding; then they brimmed over and fell upon M'liiss's hand—slowly at first, then faster and faster—until, at last, she burst out into passionate sobbing and fell upon her knees beside the bed.

"Oh, M'liiss, M'liiss," she uttered chokingly, "if ever a mortal woman was sorry, I'm sorry for the way I've treated you. God had to make me suffer to make me see my sin. I don't ask you to forgive me; but I want you to trust me enough to give me the child. I promise you before God that I'll raise it right—an' by right I don't mean proud an' hard, like I've been livin' myself. With that child near me, I'll never be hard again; I'll never judge any livin' soul again. I'm a greater sinner than you, an' I'll work to the last day o' my life to atone-up for the way I've treated you."

Death was so close to poor M'liiss that she could scarcely speak. "I'm—sorry—too," she whispered, in the slow and painful utterance of the dying. "But I wasn't—as bad—as you thought—as I acted. . . . Don't worry—you didn't know. . . . May God forever—bless you—bless you—" There was silence in the room while she tried to finish the sentence; when the words came they were barely audible—"for taking—the—child."

M'liiss's hand moved weakly to reach Mrs. Purple's head, but fell back upon the bed in pitiful helplessness. But M'liiss's child stretched his hand over his mother's still form and patted the old woman's bowed head.

THE PATENT MEDICINE CONSPIRACY

(Continued from page 10)

officer made a number of analyses of patent medicines, and tried to have the analyses made public, that the people of his State might be warned. "Only one newspaper in the State," he says in a personal letter, "was willing to print results of these analyses, and this paper refused them after two publications in which a list of about ten was published. This paper was 'The ———,' the editorial manager of which is in sympathy with the effort to restrict the sale of harmful nostrums. The business management interfered for the reason that five thousand dollars in patent medicine advertising was withdrawn within a week."

In New Hampshire—but space forbids. Happily there is a little silver in the situation. The Legislature of North Dakota last year passed, and the Governor signed, a bill requiring that patent medicine bottles shall have printed on their labels the percentage of alcohol or of morphine or various other poisons which the medicine contains. That was the first success in a fight which the public health authorities have waged in twenty States each year for twenty years. In North Dakota the patent medicine people conducted the fight with their usual weapons, the ones described above. But the newspapers, be it said to their everlasting credit, refused to fall in line to the threats of the patent medicine association. And I account for that fact in this way: North Dakota is wholly a "country" community. It has no city of over twenty thousand, and but one of over five thousand. The press of the State, therefore, consists of very small papers, weeklies, in which the ownership and active management all lie with one man. The editorial conscience and the business manager's enterprise lie under one hat. With them the patent medicine scheme was not so successful as with the more elaborately organized newspapers of older and more populous States.

Just now is the North Dakota editor's time of trial. The law went into effect July 1. The patent medicine association, at their annual meeting in May, voted to withdraw all their advertising from all the papers in that State. This loss of revenue, they argued self-righteously, would be a warning to the newspapers of other States. Likewise it would be a lesson to the newspapers of North Dakota. At the next session of the Legislature they will seek to have the label bill repealed, and they count on the newspapers, chastened by a lean year, to help them. For the independence they have shown in the past, and for the courage they will be called upon to show in the future, therefore let the newspapers of North Dakota know that they have the respect and admiration of all decent people.

"What is to be done about it?" is the question that follows exposure of organized rascality. In few cases is the remedy so plain as here. For the past, the newspapers, in spite of these plain contracts of silence, must be acquitted of any very grave complicity. The very existence of the machine that uses and directs them has been a carefully guarded secret. For the future, be it understood that any newspaper which carries a patent medicine advertisement knows what it is doing. The obligations of the contract are now public property. And one thing more, when next a member of a State Legislature arises and states, as I have so often heard: "Gentlemen, this label bill seems right to me, but I can not support it; the united press of my district is opposed to it"—when that happens, let every one understand the wires that have moved "the united press of my district."

Careful Housewives always use Burnett's Vanilla because no state pure food commission has ever questioned its absolute purity.—Advt.

Desserts

are easily and quickly prepared when Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is used. Always have a supply on hand and be ready for the unexpected guest. Send for Recipe Book, 108 Hudson Street, New York.—Advt.

BURROWES NEW PORTABLE Billiard and Pool TABLES

10 Styles, 4 Sizes—\$20 to \$140

Made in combination for Billiards and Pool, especially for home use in any room. Strong construction, handsome finish, great durability. Practical for good playing. Sizes, 3x6 ft. to 4x8 ft. Prices include complete outfit, balls, cues, etc. Write for Illustrated Catalogue, Free.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO.

316 FREE STREET PORTLAND, MAINE



MUSIC LESSONS FREE

at your home. For a limited time we will give free, for advertising purposes, 96 music lessons on either Piano, Organ, Banjo, Guitar, Cornet, Violin or Mandolin (your expense will only be the cost of postage and the music you use, to be paid for as needed). We teach by mail only and guarantee success or money refunded. Hundreds write: "Wish I had heard of you before." Write to-day. Address: U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, BOX 441, 19 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

FREE

This Doily, 9-inch size, stamped with this beautiful Cut Glass design, until January 1st, 1906, to every subscriber ever sending 16c. for our

NEW EMBROIDERY BOOK

Book is our latest "Embroidery Lessons with Colored Studies for 1906." Just off the press. Contains over 150 pages; over 150 illustrations. Complete instructions for working everything new in embroidery. Diagrams for beginners, showing Color Distribution and Stitch Scales for 16 different flowers—nothing could make the work more simple. Following features are of special interest: Colored Plates of all popular flowers, etc. "Infants' Outline for Embroidery" (23 pieces). Embroidery for Ladies' Linen. Monogram Luncheon Set on White Linen. Dutch Luncheon Set on Tan Linen. Cut Glass Set. Equestrian Embroidery Work. Mountain Embroidery Work. Handkerchief Embroidery Work. White and Tan Outrigger and Dollies. Dainty Christmas Novelties. Extra Large Assortment of Both Quiltings, etc. 16 cents pays for book and postage. Stamped Doily given FREE. Not more than one premium sent to same person. Duplicate doilies are 10c. each. Send 16c. for 1906 book. Be sure and ask for FREE DOILY in your letter. Book will reach you in one envelope and FREE DOILY in a separate envelope. Address:

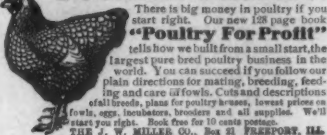
The Brainerd & Armstrong Co.
80 Union St., New London, Conn.

4% Interest



THE CITIZENS SAVINGS AND TRUST CO. CLEVELAND, O.
ASSETS OVER FORTY MILLION DOLLARS

MAKE POULTRY PROFITS.



There is big money in poultry if you start right. Our new 128 page book "Poultry For Profit" tells how we built from a small start the largest pure bred poultry business in the world. You can succeed if you follow our plain directions for mating, breeding, feeding and care of fowls. Cuts and descriptions of all breeds, plans for poultry houses, lowest prices on tools, eggs, feedstuffs, brooders and all supplies. We'll start you right. Book free for 10 cents postage. THE J. W. MILLER CO., Box 21 FREEPORT, ILL.

THIS AD IS WORTH 5 CENTS

Cut it out; take it to your grocer; he will give you a 5c Wiggle Stick FREE. We will give one free to every woman in America to convince her it is the best and most convenient form of

Wash Blue

Won't freeze, break, spill, nor spot clothes. Once used always used.



To the GROCER:

We will redeem this in cash through your jobber, or direct, for its face value of 5¢ received by you in payment for a 5c Wiggle Stick, or in half payment for a 10c stick.
LAUNDRY BLUE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
(Capital, \$150,000.00. References—Don't or Don't not)

- WE - GUARANTEE

to any purchaser of Hosiery Sox or Hosiery Stockings that they will need no darning for six months. If they should, we agree to replace them by new ones, upon surrender of the purchase ticket with the worn pair and one coupon, provided they are returned to us within six months from date of sale to the wearer.

Men's Hosiery Sox

Fast colors: Black, Tan (light and dark), Pearl, Navy Blue, and Black legs with White feet. Sizes 9 to 12. Two grades: (1) Worsted (medium weight). Sold only in boxes containing 6 pairs for \$2.50. (2) Cotton (medium and light weight). Sold in boxes containing 6 pairs for \$1.50.

Hosiery Hosiery

Ladies' Hosiery Stockings

Fast color: Black, Black legs with white feet, and Tan. Medium weight Egyptian Cotton. Sizes 8 to 11. Sold only in boxes containing 6 pairs for \$2.00.

All shipping charges prepaid. One size only to a box. State size desired when ordering.

HOSIERY CO.
Dept. B, Milwaukee, Wis. SEND FOR INTERESTING BOOKLET

Deal Direct with The Factory

and save agent's profits and commissions. Get a machine from the shop and backed by the maker's guarantee.

Rebuilt No. 6 and 7
FAY-SHOES
TYPEWRITERS

are as good as money and skill can produce, finished in dark brown enamel, striped with gold; all working parts nickel plated; standard keyboard with one shift; run light and easy; fastest machine made—have won first place in every public speed contest since 1898—takes paper 7 1/2 ins. wide and writes a line 7 1/2 ins. long—built for hard use and long service—fully guaranteed—better than the kind you have been trying and paying \$100.00 for to agents. We sell by mail and deliver by express—no other way.

Price F. O. B. Chicago \$67.50 cash, or \$68.00 on easy payments of \$10.00 down and \$6.50 per month without interest.

It won't cost you anything to find out all about them if you don't buy, and if you do buy and are not satisfied, you can return the typewriter and get your money back promptly. Full information for the asking—ask now.

THE ARITHMOGRAPH CO., FAY-SHOES FACTORY
124 Ross Street, CHICAGO

GIVE YOUR CUSTOMER A THERMOMETER



SEND FOR BOOKLET W

24 for 30 cents

We will make 24 copies of any photograph for 30 cents, as good as the original. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write full name and address. We return original uninjured.
COLE PHOTO CO., ASBURY PARK, N. J.

The Compton Investment List
Contains Bonds netting 4%—5%—6%
Municipal, School, County (special
lien) and Real Estate Bonds.

Special offering this month
Stoddard County, Missouri Bonds net-
ting 5 1/2%. Denominations \$500.
Opinion of Chas. R. Wood, Atty.,
Chicago, furnished. Life Insurance
Co., Savings Banks, Endowed Uni-
versities, and scores of investors have
purchased \$4,050,000.00 of securities of this kind and lost not
one penny. Send for Brochures, testimonials and lists.
WILLIAM R. COMPTON BOND & MORTGAGE CO.
11 Wardell Building, Macon, Mo.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Earn from \$25 to \$100 a week, in
the Advertising Business. Taught
by mail. Proprietor will tell how.
PAGE-DAVIS COMPANY.
Address: 91 Wabash Ave., Chicago
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LE PAGE'S PHOTO PASTE
IN JARS AND TUBES

For photo or general use. Dries quickly—
never discolors print. Very strong—corners
will not curl. Largest bottle now sold for 5c.
(big mail, 10c). In bulk for large users, can
work, etc.

LE PAGE'S MUGILAGE
2 oz. size bottle 5c.; 4 oz. bottle, 10c.
LE PAGE'S GLUE—1 oz. bottle, 5c.; 4 oz. bottle, 10c.
RUBIA CEMENT CO.
130 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.

Molsinger Auto-Sparkers
starts and runs
Gas Engines without Batteries

No other machine can do it successfully
for lack of original patents owned
by us. No test system in our drive.
No belt or switch necessary. No
batteries whatever, for make and
break or jumpspark. Water and
dust-proof. Fully guaranteed.
MOLSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.
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RAISE SQUABS—IT PAYS

We will teach you the business, beginning
to end, if you start with our straight-bred
Homer stock. We sell only properly mated
pairs, matings guaranteed. Our Squabs
are fancy and bring top prices. Visitors
invited to inspect plant and stock of 11,000
Homers. Our Beautifully Illustrated
Booklet tells all the facts; write for a
copy at once—It Is Free.
ATLANTIC SQUAB CO., Box E, Du Costa, N.J.

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AS LINCOLN DID

The Home Law School Series
Now complete, prepare ambi-
tious students for the bar, any
date; cover Theory & Practice
authoritatively, simply. Made
up of 10 vols. First few sets at
SPECIAL PRICE. Write
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Make Money Printing at Home

We Teach You Free
Full Instructions with each
outfit. \$1 an hour made on
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Press guaranteed. Used by
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MODEL PRESS COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1875
114 N. 10th Street, Phila., Pa.

CLARK'S CRUISE TO THE ORIENT

THE CRUISE OF 70 DAYS SPENDING 19 DAYS IN PALATINE
AND EGYPT. ONLY \$400 AND UP INCLUDING
EXCLUSIONS, DRINKS, FEES AND ALL
NECESSITIES OF TRAVELING. BOOK NOW
FRANK C. CLARK
ROUND THE WORLD PARTY STARTS DEC. 7

Adds to Your Height

"Worn inside the shoe."
GILBERT'S HEEL CUSHIONS
Make you taller, your shoes fit better, and remove
all pain walking through arching the lower foot. They are
your regular shoes, simply place in the heel, felt down. At shoe
and dept stores. For 25c. stamp and size of shoe, we
send a pair for two days' free trial. 3c. 25c.
3c. 5c. 10c. 15c. 20c. 25c. 30c. 35c. 40c. 45c. 50c.
Sole agent by mail, **GILBERT MFG. CO.**
25 Elm Street, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Plumbing Schools

Men and boys wanted to learn plumbing trade; great demand for
graduates \$4-\$5 day; many complete courses. In two months; gradu-
ates admitted to Union and Master Plumbers' Association. **COYNE**
PROG. CO. PLUMBING SCHOOLS, New York, Cincinnati and
St. Louis. (Day and Night class)
For free catalogue address 941 10th Avenue, New York.

Will make a FIRST-CLASS BOOK-KEEPER

of you in 6 weeks for \$3 or RETURN
MONEY. I find POSITIONS, too—
FREE! WRITE: **J. H. GOODWIN**
Room 226, 1216 Broadway, New York

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Sweetens without perfume
because sulphur disinfects.
It's a fine toilet soap.
Sold by all druggists.

STAMPS 55 diff. rare Ceres, Japan, Russia,
China, Columbia, etc., and Album.
only 5c. 10c. 15c. 20c. 25c. 30c. 35c. 40c. 45c. 50c.
Agents wanted. 50 to 75 per cent commission. New 50c.
10c. and \$1.00 worth coupons FREE! We buy stamps
STANDARD STAMP CO., Dept. A, St. Louis, Mo.

STARK FRUIT BOOK

shows in NATURAL COLORS and
accurately describes 216 varieties of
fruit. Send for our terms of distribution.
We want more customers.—**Stark Bro's, Louisiana, Mo.**

Editorial Bulletin

New York, Saturday, November Fourth, Nineteen Hundred and Five

Will the "Free" Press Free Itself?

WHILE the Patent Medicine article in this number is not a part of "The Great American Fraud" series prepared by Mr. Adams, (and therefore not already announced), we have decided that the subjects it treats are of such importance that they are better published now than withheld until the end of Mr. Adams's series. This article shows just how relentless a grip the Patent Medicine law has upon the newspapers of this country. The nostrum makers can actually forbid the papers from printing news in their news columns. Read the article and become convinced of this. The only solace we find in the situation is that the newspapers can not have realized how enslaved they are. The publication of the facts, however, will deprive them of any further excuse for protecting the Patent Medicine business, and for printing in their columns not only the advertisements of poisonous compounds, but of keeping out of their columns reports of those who die from drinking Peruna, Liquezone, and other "cures"; accounts of the efforts of Health Boards to prevent the sale of these "medicines"; and "any other matter detrimental to" the fakes. Another result of the publication of this article at the present time will be to show our readers how the game is worked behind the scenes, or rather behind the newspapers, by the Patent Medicine makers. Many small newspapers throughout the country are now printing articles in praise of various nostrums and scoring COLLIER'S for its "attack" on these highly virtuous products. These poor little fellows publish such stuff (furnished to them by the Patent Medicine makers) because they fear to lose the revenue they derive from that source. But after reading this article our readers will be able to see clearly the motives of any publication which supports or indorses or champions the cause of the Great American Fraud.

We Are Not So "Holy"

MANY readers and some of our newspaper friends accuse us of adopting a "holy" attitude toward patent medicines, and charge us with inconsistency because we have printed advertisements of beer and whiskey. Let us remind them that it is not so long since we ourselves published advertisements of some of the worst patent medicines which we are now attacking. We threw them out, not because we wanted to be considered "holy," but because we came to see that we were party to an injury and a fraud, and that the press was at the very basis of the wrong. We have now gone further, but from a different motive. We do not believe that conscience or consistency compels us to reject advertisements of beer or whiskey. Ours is not a total abstinence crusade; it is a crusade against fraud and poison, against alcohol and drugs masquerading in the innocent guise of "tonics" and "headache powders."

WE have stated this distinction many times. As it seems impossible to make it clear to thousands of well-intentioned readers, whose help we need in our onslaught on the patent medicine evil, we have decided, not on any "high" moral grounds, but purely to save perpetual explanation and remove all misunderstanding between our readers and ourselves, to drop all advertisements of beer and whiskey from this time forward. We take no credit for the sacrifice of advertising revenue this entails. It will simply save a great deal of useless argument. We have tried to formulate an advertising policy, based on common-sense rather than "holiness," that will protect our readers from being imposed upon. That policy is briefly as follows:

COLLIER'S will accept no advertisements of beer, whiskey, or alcoholic liquors; no advertisements of patent medicines; no medical advertisements or advertisements making claims to medicinal effect; no investment advertising promising extraordinary returns, such as stocks in mining, oil, and rubber companies. The editor reserves the right to exclude any advertisement which he considers extravagant in claim, or offensive to good taste.

The \$1,000 Prize Story

NEXT week's issue will be the November Fiction Number. It will contain among other stories "The Sick-a-Bed Lady," by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, who won the \$1,000 prize in the June to September Quarterly Contest. The illustrations are by George Wright. The number will also contain a full-page illustration in color by Frederic Remington, the second in his series of "The Great Explorers."

Relics of the Past

ONE of the magazines appears this month with a cover design from a painting by Frederic Remington, and an article from the same hand. We have been asked about this by one or two who considered it inconsistent with our announcement last year that Mr. Remington made pictures for COLLIER'S exclusively. Here is a brief note we have just received from the artist:

"In reference to the articles now appearing in the magazine: You will remember that I told you when we made our exclusive arrangement that they were in existence and unpublished. They were written and illustrated and sold by myself five years ago to the 'New Magazine' (which never eventuated) and have found their present destination.

Yours faithfully, **FREDERIC REMINGTON.**

October 16, 1905.

VIOLIN MUSIC FREE

WALTZ

To introduce our New Violin Catalog and SPECIAL VIOLIN OFFER we will send for the next thirty days our 50 cent music book; contains 24 pieces of copyright music, such as—Overtures, Waltzes, Two-steps, etc.; printed on fine paper. We want to get our new handsome illustrated catalog of Violins, Guitars, Mandolins, Musical Supplies, Strings, Bows, etc., in the hands of every Violin player; so if you will send the names of four persons who play the Violin we will send you our music book free, also our catalog. Write names and addresses plainly and enclose five 2-cent stamps to pay postage and mailing cost of your music book.
E. T. ROOT & SONS
352 Wabash Ave. (Established 1857) Chicago

Are Your Legs Straight?

Thousands of well-dressed men whose trousers set taut and straight have crooked legs and conceal them by wearing our easy pneumatic or Caden Rubber form. They give a style and finish otherwise impossible. Simple as a garter, put on or off in a few seconds, cannot be detected. Critical authorities commend them in the highest terms. Photo illustrated. Book, self-measurement chart and many testimonials mailed sealed free. **THE ALLSON CO., Dept. T, Buffalo, N.Y.**

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade-Marks, etc., sent free. Patents secured through Munn & Co., receive free notice in the
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
MUNN & CO., 357 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

MAKE MONEY EASY

We want agents to represent us in every county selling the popular Novelty Knives, with name, address, photo, lodge emblem, etc. on handle. The very latest fad.
AGENTS EARN \$75-\$300 A MONTH
Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Great sales for Xmas gifts. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Don't delay. Our new self-sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents. No experience required. We show you how.
Novelty Outfitters Co., 40 Bar St., Canton, Ohio

ORNAMENTAL FENCE

25 designs, all steel.
Handsome, durable.
Cheaper than a wood fence. Special inducements to church and societies. Catalogue free.
KOKOMO FENCE MACHINE CO.
463 North St.
Kokomo, Indiana

Game worth **PLAYING** yet **EASY** **Hike**

If dealer hasn't it send his name
we'll send you "Hike" and you
Play it—know it—then send 50c. or return card. Want it in each town quick. Home Amusements Co., 8233 Warren Av., Chicago.

AGENT'S OUTFIT FREE

"Adjustable Tension Shears."
Newly patented device makes
them self-sharpening. Every
shear user buys without argument. Rapid sellers. Large profits.
IDEAL SHEAR COMPANY, Dept. T, 25 Randolph St., Chicago

The Whipple School of Art

900 Sixth Ave. (Cor. 51st St.)
Drawing and painting from life, still life, and the cast. Illustration, Composition. **MR. CHARLES AYER WHIPPLE**, Teacher of Life Classes.
MR. HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, Teacher of Illustration.

Print Your Own Cards

circulards, etc. Press 5c. Small newspaper
Press 15c. Money maker, saver. All easy,
printed rules. Write to factory for cata-
logue of presses, type, paper, cards, etc.
THE PRESS CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

INVENTORS

We manufacture METAL
SPECIALTIES of all kinds,
to order; largest equip-
ment; lowest prices. Send sample or model
for low estimate and best expert advice **FREE**
THE EAGLE TOOL CO., Dept. C, CINCINNATI, O.

FUNNY

People Will Drink Coffee When It "Does
Such Things"

"I began to use Postum because the old kind of coffee had so poisoned my whole system that I was on the point of breaking down, and the doctor warned me that I must quit it.

My chief ailment was nervousness and heart trouble.

Any unexpected noise would cause me the most painful palpitation, make me faint and weak.

"I had heard of Postum and began to drink it when I left off the old coffee. It began to help me just as soon as the old effects of the other kind of coffee passed away. It did not stimulate me for a while, and then leave me weak and nervous as coffee used to do. Instead of that it built up my strength and supplied a constant vigor to my system which I can always rely on. It enables me to do the biggest kind of a day's work without getting tired. All the heart trouble, etc., has passed away.

"I give it freely to all my children, from the youngest to the oldest, and it keeps them all healthy and hearty." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.
Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.



Schneider

This Superb Drawing Free

An artistic fac-simile of Otto Schneider's famous portrait of an American girl, done in red chalk, size 12½ x 18 inches, ready for framing, will be sent to any address Free of Cost upon receipt of a year's subscription to The Metropolitan Magazine at \$1.80. You will receive the magazine for one year and the picture will be forwarded to you, charges prepaid, all for \$1.80. Address the

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE
DEPT. H 3 WEST 29TH STREET, NEW YORK

Atlantic City

is most delightful in October and November and the new Fireproof

Chalfonte

is in the very centre of its varied attractions. There is no better time for a visit than now. Write for Illustrated Folder and Rates to

The LEEDS COMPANY

On the Beach
Always Open

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief

CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING and all skin troubles. "A little higher in price perhaps than imitations, but a reason for it." Delightful after shaving too. "One bath." Sold everywhere, unexcelled. See Ger Mennen's (the original). St. New

Gerhard Mennen Company, - New

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